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CAPER is published bimonthly by See Magazines, Inc.
150 East 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10022
Vol. XIII, No. 10, June 1969
Entire contents copyright © 1969 by See Magazines, Inc.
Price: 60 cents per copy. Subscription in the U.S., its
possessions and Canada, \$3.60 per year, \$6.60 for 2 years;
allow \$2.00 per year for foreign postage. Caper welcomes
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self-addressed envelope. Printed in the U.S.A.



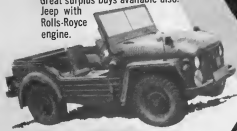
Credits: Front Cover by Liaison Inc., Galaxy.
Shelly Korpel, Graphic House, Inc.; pp. 10-12
from PIP; pp. 19-21 from Shelly Korpel; pp.
22-24 from Century Photo Research; pp. 29-31
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To the Editor:

A number of years ago, when I was a college undergraduate, we had a situation similar to *The Thirty Seven Who Cared* (CAPER/April 1969). We had this girl who wanted nothing more than sandwiches which made it quite easy for us to keep her. It wasn't until she found-out that she could have roast beef instead of the tuna fish that she began to squawk. By that time we had been so used to having her around that we decided to go the whole route and supply her with roast beef sandwiches. But would you believe it, there were guys who figured as long as she had a taste for tuna, not to louse up the deal. She stayed around a few weeks after we turned down her request. We finally lost out to another, fraternity which used to serve shrimp cocktails every Sunday afternoon. We figured we didn't know where that kind of escalation would lead to, so we gave up on her. I have fond memories of those days. And every time I order a tuna fish sandwich, I think to myself there's more here than just fish between two slices of bread.

Irving B. Pong

Editor's Note: Very interesting. But ridiculous.

* * *

To the Editor:

Flat earth people? You must be putting me on. (See CAPER/April 1969). The one indisputable fact is that of the pictures taken of the earth by the astronauts while they were orbiting the moon. It seems you have resurrected this gobbledygook for no good reason.

Frank Lane
Modesto, California

Editor's Note: Not any more than you've resurrected 'gobbledygook.' On the more serious side, it was as surprising to us as it is unbelievable to you that the 'flat earthers' still insist that the pictures taken by the astronauts are part of a mass illusion. They may be putting us all on.

* * *

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

Marlene Belmont (CAPER/Feb. 1969) was described as being titian haired. Now we all know, don't we, that color was named for the painter who was supposed to have used some of his own blood when mixing his paints. Anyway Marlene Belmont is, at best, a honey blonde, not titian.

Johnny Barnes
Lexington, Kentucky

Editor's Note: So, about that you're going to make a big deal. What's titian to us is blonde to you. Alright, you win.

* * *

To the Editor:

Now that girls have finally crashed the once all male jockey province *The Girl Who Could Do Almost Everything* (CAPER/April 1969) may not be so far fetched. I mean who can say there won't be girls in pro baseball? I wonder what you think of girls entering into direct competition with men?

Sam Rickles
Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor's Note: In answering your last question first. Who says they aren't already. It seems to us that there's not anything really great about a girl champion who has only competed against girls. We would think that the girl jockey who beat the men her first time out had something special in the saddle. A girl who beats a man in any sport can claim her due, but against girls, leave that to sister George.

* * *

To the Editor:

You're getting better and better. The girls in the last couple of issues have been the best yet. And there appear to be more and more of them. Is that right? Or does it only appear that way?

Sandy Lester
Ishpeming, Mich.

Editor's Note: Yes!

* * *

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FRANCHIONI

MAID TO ORDER

At the right time, in the right place a wrong woman can lead the smartest man astray. Isn't that wonderful?

Around the agency (Bullthorpe, Bullthorpe and Bulle—known on Madison Avenue as “The Bullthrowers”), I am regarded as a man who plans a tidy campaign. Whether it is an ad promotion for a client or a little bet with the boys on the makeability of a broad, I like things snuggled up. No loose ends or untied tails, if you know what I mean.

In fact, the boys do not like to give me even money any more—not even on a guaranteed iceberg. Maybe that is because the icier they come the easier they are to melt, but I like to think it is because I have learned how to plan a neat operation. I mean let's face it—I could not sell on my own packaging, which is sort of short and square, like a box of corn flakes.

I would not win any popularity polls with the rinky-dinks in the office, either, although I have had every one of them in the sack sooner or later and have had some very good odds on a couple. The rinky-dinks will tell you, “Frank Squibb is a bow-tied bastard,” but they will also tell you that if you want your bow tied, there is not a guy on the Street who can do it with more finesse.

Of course, I have lost some bets, too. But those are other and sadder stories. What I am emphasizing now is that I am a sport with a disorderly life lodged in a very orderly head.

That is the reason I finally decided I needed a maid. I mean if you are going to lead a disorderly life, you have got to have a presentable pad-dock for the fillies at all times of the day and night.

Like this last wig—who I will call Stretch because that is where she beat me—in the stretch. Also she was very tall and would have looked very good stretched out on my feathers. I had taken this Stretch on a couple of real wallet-busters. But I figured I would make my expenses plus on the 10-to-7. odds I had gotten from a couple of marks who didn't know me but thought they knew her.

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MY FAIR TANI

By NIELS MORTENSEN

I BOUGHT THE GIRL for about twenty dollars, American, and I got her lock, stock and barrel. Maybe I paid a little more, I don't know. I had a roll of pesetas in my pocket and I gave it to the man and he let me take the girl. Her name was Tani Flores, about eighteen.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Sevilla, Spain, is as hot as a pottery kiln and everything gives off its own, personal stench. Even the ancient, closely-packed stone buildings seem to ooze the odor of old urine.

I had been out with my easel pretending to paint one of the battered bridges that hang like dirty laundry across the Guadalquivir river. Sweat was running down into my eyes, my wine bottle was empty and the canvas was still naked, so I cut a string of dolls out of my newspaper and trimmed their hair for a while.

When I got bored with that, I shoved my painting gear down through the sunroof of my Volkswagen and began bumping and nudging my way through the wriggling flesh that spawns, plays, loves, fights and dies between gutters of the steets of Triana, the old gypsy slum section of the city.

In spite of the heat, I had my windows rolled up to keep the hungry-eyed kids from shoving their grubby hands into the car. They liked to walk alongside waving their rancid fingers in front of my face and screaming, *"Una peseta, por favor, Meestair!"*

With the windows up, all they could do was tag along and shout things that aren't printable in any language.

A couple of the boys took turns holding a burlap sack in front of the car. They were pretending that the VW was a bull and they caped it like matadors as I went past, but I was forced to go so slowly there wasn't much sport in that.

When the street was blocked by a weezing, hooting, clinking hurdy-gurdy,

(continued on page 61)









GRAZIELLA

Our thanks go to the Italians and to the French film director who discovered Graziella. If discover is the right word. Oh, she was there all the time, this full blown Venetian. And you will be able to recognize Graziella by her smile, by the braided hair and by the six red ribbons she wears in her first movie. She's serious about this new career, but hasn't completely given up her job as a typist. Even so, she can't be dictated to.





And if it is at all possible, you'll soon be seeing more of Graziella, much more.





Whatever Graziella's talents as an actress are, the audience will be the better judge. But whatever her talents as a woman are, can only be assessed in a most personal way. And for this we can only guess, only assume, that Graziella is the full woman, the eternal woman who went to the eternal city, Rome, to make a new career for herself.



AN UN- HURRIED LOOK AT SEDUCTION

BY WILL EASTER

The tongue-in-cheek art of inducing a woman to surrender her chastity is time honored.

THE eminent and acerbic British theatre critic, Kenneth Tynan (he shocked England with the first four letter words used on the air) was asked if he thought sexual intercourse should be portrayed on the stage. Tynan didn't bat an eyelash or flicker a stiff upper lip. "Of course," he answered. Then he pointed out that Romeo and Juliet have a bedroom scene where if the audience were close enough, they could see what the two lovers were doing on their wedding night.

Recent plays, such as *The Beard* and *Futz* have apparently made deviate sex more honorable than some of the old fashioned methods.

But, ah, those old fashioned techniques. Some of the best of them have been spelled out hundreds, if not thousands of years ago.

Schoolboys—and girls—have thumb-worm that one certain page in *Lorna Doone*; they have rushed through Chaucer, medieval English and all, to writhe their way through the Miller's tale in which a student manages to bed a carpenter's wife just by persuading the old nail banger that Noah's flood was about to be repeated—but with some unforeseen results.

To bring you a sample of masterful seduction, we apologetically paraphrase old Geoffrey Chaucer:

There lived in Oxford a boorish carpenter who took in boarders. One of them was Nicholas, a scholar who had made a study of astrology and could predict the future.

The old carpenter had just married an eighteen-year-old virgin named Alison. But he worried that his wild young bride might be taken advantage of.

The young wife had milk-white skin, a virginal quality and purity, but also a wanton, seductive look, sloe-eyed and otherwise the kind of girl to make an

[continued on next page]



LOST & FOUND



"Okay, they're yours. We just have to be sure, madam."

old buck fearful. She was a winsome, frolicsome girl, figure molded, mouth so sweet, body so firm, just right for any man to bed with.

It didn't take young Nicholas, the scholar, long to proposition Alison. He told her he couldn't live without her and added, "Love me right now or I will die, so help me God."

True to her marriage vows, the young wife told Nick to keep his cotton-picking mitts off her.

But Nicholas pleaded a pretty good case and finally she gave in, but warned him that her husband was a pretty jealous man.

But Nick told her he'd be pretty stupid if he couldn't outsmart a carpenter.

When they were alone, Nicholas patted her tops and bottom, kissed her and together they made beautiful music.

There was at this time a parish clerk named Absolon at the church the young wife attended. He had curly hair, was young looking and always well dressed. He could sing and dance and play the fiddle and the guitar, which he did in his rounds of the local taverns. He was the whole gentleman who disdained passing gas or using foul language.

Now Absolon was also a pretty amorous guy and he, too, had an eye out for the carpenter's wife. So, one night, he took his guitar and stationed himself outside her window. He sang and asked her to have pity on him. The carpenter happened to be home and asked his wife, "Alison, don't you hear Absol-

on singing outside the bedroom?"

She admitted she heard. Absolon continued to woo her. He sent her gifts. But it didn't do him a damn bit of good. She was hung up on Nicholas.

It didn't take Absolon long to find out about the good wife and the amorous student. He was furious and determined to get revenge on Nicholas.

Nicholas, meanwhile had some ideas of his own.

So, one Saturday, Nick pretended to be sick. He moaned and groaned pitifully.

The old carpenter, afraid that Nick might be under some sort of spell, shook him until the young man answered, "I will tell you what ails me, but you must not tell another soul."

The carpenter promised and Nicholas continued, "In my studies of the stars I found that beginning Monday next, just before dawn a severe rain will fall. This flood will be bigger than Noah's. In less than an hour the world will be swamped and all mankind will die."

The carpenter cried, "My poor Alison, can't something be done to save her?"

"I think so," Nicholas told him, "if you do just as I say, you won't be sorry. I think I'll be able to save all three of us."

The carpenter agreed. Nicholas went on, "What you have to do is get three large vats that each of us can use as small boats, and enough food to last us until nine o'clock the next morning.

Now I can't save anyone else but the three of us, so you hide the three tubs in the attic. No one else will know how we will be saved. Make sure you put the food in the attic, too. Also bring an axe to break our way out of the attic when the floods come. Late tonight we will each go up there, crawl into a vat and wait until the floods come. But one thing for sure, you must not sleep with your wife."

The carpenter did as he was told. His wife, knowing what Nicholas was up to, did as she was told. The carpenter was so anxious to save his wife that he made sure there was enough food, ladders hung so that they could climb outside to the attic. He even sent his servants away. And when it came close to the time that Nicholas said the flood would start, they all climbed upstairs. Each one got into a vat. As soon as they were sure the old carpenter was asleep, Nicholas and Alison crept out of the barrels and went downstairs to the bedroom, into the bed and into each other's arms.

Now it happened that the parish clerk, Absolon, wondered why he hadn't seen the carpenter around. Since he had a few ideas of his own about Alison he decided to go quietly to her bedroom window and try to attract the young girl's attention.

So the clerk dolled himself up and headed for the carpenter's house. Outside the window he called to her softly, "That for your love I sweat. No wonder that I melt and sweat: I earn for you as a lamb after the teat."

She answered him and told him to go away, that she was in love with someone else.

"If you give me one kiss I'll go away."

"Are you sure?" Alison asked and winked at Nicholas who was laying beside her, patting her tops and bottom.

Alison opened the window and told him to hurry before the neighbors saw what was going on. It was pitch black dark outside and no one could really see what was happening.

Absolon was ready. So was Alison.

But instead of putting her face out the window, she turned and let her backside protrude. Absolon, filled with desire, puckered his lips and kissed her full, savourily, on those well-rounded cheeks.

And when he was through Alison laughed and quickly closed the window.

Absolon heard her laugh. Then it dawned on him that he had been taken. Walking away, he swore he would get revenge. He went to see Cervais, the local smithy, and borrowed a red hot iron.

Absolon went back to Alison's window, knocked and said he had a ring

[continued on page 56]

In the days before youth acquired acne and a black leather jacket, it was possible for good fellows to get together without benefit of social workers or the riot squad. And then, when the weekend loomed large and vacant, riding was the sport—riding anywhere in anything with wheels. In this case, the proud chariot commandeered for service was no less than a venerable Packard Touring Car of the sort Al Capone might have captained on the night he stole Lake Michigan. Its proud owner said that the windows were bullet-proof, but this fact was never fully authenticated because the windows were inoperable. All, however, believed the windows to be as thick as cheap perfume and as invulnerable to armed attack as a virgin Statue of Liberty wrapped in the Great Seal of the United States. It was better to believe that than just to sit and sweat because some old damn, ordinary windows wouldn't go down. □ The owner-driver, Barry Epstein, gunned his powerful motor as the light ran green. □ "You better stop for water. I think the horse is dead," said Lenny from his perch over the floor shift. "If you get this can over thirty-five you'll get a medal!" And then Lenny slumped back against the mohair and waited. □ "Jesus! Can't you open a window or somethin'?" "Nozzy" Berman said in his usual drone, endless and uncertain. "Nozzy" was short for Nauseating, a nickname given him by his pals because he had nothing else to recommend him to significance. □ "Shut your face, Nozzy! If you don't like it, get out and walk!" □ "That's telling him, Barry," said Moose, the oldest of the four. □ "If he don't think it's good enough, let him hitch a ride back home. His sister's waiting up for him, isn't she Nozzy?" □ "You shut up about my sister!" said Nozzy. □ "Aaaaw, she wears a mattress on her back!" said Moose gayly. □ "You watch your mouth, pal," snapped Nozzy at the rate of two words per year. In fact, by the time he had completed stating his threat, Moose was busily watching two waitresses cross the street. □ "Heecee! Heecee, baby! Want a ride?" □ The waitresses, evidently accustomed to this brand of romance on the roll, made a simultaneous obscene gesture, and Barry put on the gas to escape the blunt rejection. The four-letter word hurled with dissipation by the father of the two girls was lost, only the final consonant registering clearly. It had its effect; Moose roared back, "You too, cookie!" And all laughed, except Lenny. □ At the next stop-light, Moose parted the veil of mystery which masked the waiting evening. □ "Hey, men, let's go to a brothel. I know a great place!" □ And so, the die was cast. There was to be no turning back. □ The American Dream of lechery had been too well-nurtured to be denied. □ "Yeah, great! I got six dollars!" said Nozzy. □ And Barry and Lenny, thinking it over in the time it took Nozzy to get it out, stared at the road ahead as Hannibal must have stared at his map of Italy before he thought of elephants. □ "Well, fellows," said Barry solemnly, "I mean, is it a good place? I mean, I never paid for it yet . . ." □ Lenny changed the subject. □ "Hey, Barry, if the windows are bullet-proof, how'd the waitresses hear Moose?" □ Moose blew his nose. "Did you see the rump on the blonde one? Jesus! That was some rump." And so ended forever the question of audibility through glass, and the eye of truth turned irrevocably back upon the point of issue: Brothel, Yea or Nay? □ Moose was ready and screamed dramatically, "Turn right at the next broken street-light, then make another right half-way up the block at the alley, then straight ahead until you get to the yellow-brick house with the front porch! Howie Newman told me about it! Jesus Christ! Who's going to lend me two bucks?" □ "I'll lend you! Come on, Barry, drive like mad! Let's get there, buddy! Oh, I can see them now! Whooooooooooooo! I'll lend you two bucks if you can show me a good one!" Nozzy upped his speech-rate to an unheard-of velocity; he was enchanted! The frog became the Prince. □ "I . . . I still don't know if this is safe. You're sure it's all right, Moose?" Barry was flushed and although he was committed to the intentions of the group, he felt he owed his mother this last recalcitrance. □ "What's the worst that can happen? I got sick in Atlantic City! Turn

[continued on next page]

Orgy For 7

MINUS 3

Such were the boys, such were the joys in this attack on the citadel of sex/by Ron Friedman

here, you'll miss the alley!" said Moose who was keyed to miss nothing.

"Keep going . . . a little more. That's it! We're here!" Barry cut the mighty engine with a throbbing sigh, the headlights flickered and dropped dead, the last hum of mechanical arteriosclerosis dwindled and a hush that was the most hushed of all the hushed whispers in secret cellars before night raids on Gestapo Headquarters hushed in on wings of hush.

Silence.

Heartbeats.

Sinus drainage.

"If the windows worked, we'd never get out of the car," Lenny said. "Now, let's go or let's go! I feel like an idiot, sweating my butt off in this slum! Come on, Barry, let's get the hell out of here!"

The cricket-chorus of "No's" caught Lenny in the glands; he didn't even like the other guys, much less want to be in their company when he made his first encounter with the mysteries of flesh and the devil. But his "Get the hell out!" was reverse English on the sagging resolve of the group, and the assault was on. Lenny would not have gone but he was afraid to stay in the car alone. It was dark in the alley.

Moose's foot was the first to make contact with the peeling porch to paradise and the electricity of lust which was generated from the rooms beyond energized some animal ganglia deep in the bare-beast part of Moose's brain. He threw back his head with a wild grunt.

"Barry! Somebody shot him with a silencer!" was Nozzy's romantic appraisal of Moose's odd behavior.

"No, jerk," said Moose, "I just thought of something. Barry better park his car out of the alley in case the cops raid the place. I mean, the cops don't want no cars parked in front of a brothel!" The wisdom of this non-sequitur, bolstered by the mention of "Cops," spurred Barry to fast action. He ran to his vehicle in a blur. Nozzy followed suit, calling, "Lenny, you and Moose wait for us inside." And by the time Nozzy had finished his sentence, the Barry, the Nozzy and the Car had motored out of sight leaving Moose and Lenny abandoned and uncertain.

"Moose, let's wait on the street. I don't like this alley."

"Aw, gee, Lenny . . . they'll be right back . . . won't they?"

"You know that Nozzy is full of it. And Barry would turn green if he even saw a girl without her Rabbi! Come on."

Moose hesitated, waiting to be slightly more convinced.

"Yeah . . . I guess so. Yeah! We can wait in the street. We better, 'cause those dirty bastards are probably on their way home by now! Yeah! Those bastards walked out on us! Those . . . Am I talking too loud?"

He had been talking too loud. The front door opened and light flooded the altar on which the sacrificial lambs stood.

"You gennumen want somethin'?" An enormous Negro woman wearing a yellow bathing-suit stood in the doorway.

Afraid to speak because he felt distinctly soprano at that instant, Moose acted instinctively. He belched loud and clear.

"You gennumen want somethin'?" she asked again, not a syllable changed. Apparently, Moose's breach of conduct had gone unnoticed by this back-alley Dido. But Lenny, seeing that she was prepared to ask the question a third time, felt obligated to observe the social amenities.

"I'm Mr. Ambrose and this is Mr. Janeway. We're expecting two other gentlemen from our shooting club. May we come in?"

The dark prostitute faded back from the doorway and allowed the gentlemen of the shooting club to enter the sanctorum. Lenny strode forward bravely, as he imagined

Cary Grant would do under similar circumstances. But Moose, not having the benefit of a worthy idol, shambled into the foyer, desperately withholding what he felt sure to be a horrendous onslaught of belching. The woman closed the door behind them.

"You gonna have to wait. Jus' don't set aroun' makin' noise an' skeerin' off the payin' customers. Get yo' money ready if yo' is heah fo' somethin'." And she backed off and walked through a doorway, past which a dark stairway could be seen. Mr. Ambrose of the gun club felt distinctly uncomfortable.

"Hey, Moose, you want to stick around?" he asked, but recognized immediately from the growing flame in Moose's close-set eyes that his question was irrelevant and immaterial. And so, the two entered the parlor and sat on the ruined easy-chairs which flanked either side of the foyer archway and peered into the gloom.

Gradually, the dim shapes along the opposite wall became visible. On a misshapen sofa centered under a gargantuan mural of cold-cuts and bananas, a fat man slept, his hands clasped across his crotch, massive head lolling on his chest so that his exposed ear seemed a ripe target for penetration by a salami in the foreground of the painting. Moose belched and Lenny began to giggle uncontrollably. The sleeping man coughed and stirred.

"You're ahead of us," said Moose, his uncertainty returning on schedule, "maybe we should go wait in the street."

Fully awake now, the man leaned forward suddenly, clearing his throat malevolently. Lenny was still giggling.

"Don't I know you from someplace?" the stranger said in a gravelly voice.

"Who, me, sir?" piped Moose, revolted by the very idea.

"Not you, Fatso, your pal there. Didn't I see you with the dame in the zebra shorts up to the big bordello at New Martinson?" Lenny was aghast; he must take his stand, speak his piece, show this crude stranger that he certainly had never seen him before, show him that . . . that he just *might* have seen him before. In that big bordello.

"Maybe," said Lenny with as much easy candor as he could muster, "I think I know the dame you mean. The redhead with the big breasts."

This last touch of specific, convivial information was directed at the heavy stranger with what Lenny felt to be the proper, detached restraint of the jaded connoisseur. Like Cary Grant might have said it had he been sixteen and Jewish but looked Italian and older. This quality was not wasted.

"She's a redhead now? Last time I seen her she was kind of platinum!"

"Who knows what a hooker's going to do?" quipped Moose from the lumpy recesses of his chair.

"Yeah, who the hell knows?" countered the senior patron, as he winked lewdly. And then, no end amused by the acuteness of his observation, he began guffawing in a hoarse staccato. His laughter had a salubrious effect on Moose who added his boyish titter to the general merriment and commenced belching at will and without remorse.

Having decided that he had established rapport with the experienced hand, Lenny attacked.

"What happened to her boyfriend with the aluminum leg? You know, the drummer with the symphony who used to bring her stuffed chicken necks from the Roumanian restaurant?"

Lenny wondered — hadn't he overstepped himself by this headlong dive into the sea of romantic fiction.

He didn't have to worry about it long.

"Jeez, she must have liked you, kid. All she ever said to

me was to close the window on account of the rain was hitting the bed. Crazy whore!" He clucked his tongue gravely. "I'm a big man on whores; it's my only pleasure. I mean, it's sort of a hobby. I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't gamble. My wife run off with a oil-driller from West Virginia fifteen years ago and the kids is all married off or dead, so's I got to have something to do for pleasure. I bet last year I spent ten thousand bucks on hookers. Maybe more! I mean, the kids don't need it and I don't drink, and I got to have some sort of creative outlet!"

So moved was Lenny by the conjure-words, "Creative Outlet," that he launched into a confident oration: "You are absolutely correct, buddy. If a man doesn't try to get the kind of emotional and mental stimulus he needs and wants, he isn't a man at all, he's a vegetable!" Lenny's eyes glowed with the passionate ardor of the true-believer.

"Kid," said the old pro, "you're okay by my book. He ain't a man if he doesn't do like you said. He's just a god-damn squash or something!" Lenny was now in command and he knew it. He sauntered over to the beaming, evacuated Moose and leaned over the arm of his chair with the easy assurance of a white hunter with the cramps.

"Janeway, old man," he said, "Do you think the other chaps will be here shortly?" He was even sounding like Cary Grant! But before Moose realized that he was the "Janeway, old boy" being addressed, a curtained door next to the hall opened creakily and a blowzy floozy in flowered housecoat emerged, followed by a squat, flat-chested creature in dungarees and tee-shirt. The Elder Statesman of bordellos rose quickly.

"Hello, Miss Princess, how are you? Hi, Billie." He was radiant with cordiality. Miss Princess belched amiably in his direction, shook Billie's clutching hand from her posterior and hiking her kimono a shade above her dimpled left knee, began scratching mindlessly. Lenny watched with poorly concealed fascination since she was naked and the housecoat-hiking had exposed her central anatomy. She rasped, "Take a good look if your heart can stand it!" And parting the housecoat to its fullest, she stood revealed like Venus emerging from the sea.

"He's okay, Miss Princess. Me and him know each other from New Martinson up to Granny's. He's okay!" said the fat man.

Miss Princess dropped her housecoat wings with a grunt. "If you say so, Barney," she said, then, under the watchful eyes of Lenny and "Janeway old boy," she slipped Billie some folded dollar-bills, tweaked her rump and playfully pushed her toward the foyer.

"Billie's just going. Come on, Barney, play me some gin or something." As with Billie exited soundlessly, Miss Princess squatted over a footstool near a bizarre end-table and motioned airily for Barney to deal them out. Lenny fumbled with a cigarette.

"Janeway, have you a light?"

"What's this 'Janeway' jazz?" whispered Moose as he flicked his lighter beneath Lenny's cigarette. "Did you see that old broad? Still pretty good. I bet she's a lesbian. Did you see the way she ogled that chick? Gee, where are the girls?" Lenny searched for the proper wording to his reply since it didn't come out Cary Grant when he used his customary syntax, but he never got to frame it. The door to the hall opened and a silent parade passed in revue. First came a swarthy Greek steel-worker in white silk shirt and khaki pants. He carried a pale girl in leotards and a baggy sweater. They were followed by the large Negro woman in the yellow bathing-suit who had first welcomed the adventurers. She, by a bald Italian in a dark business suit with the fly open. Then came two small Middle-Europeans—evidently twins—dressed in identical leather jackets and blue-jeans, a pasty brunette wearing nothing at all, a muscular mulatto boy in a sweat suit and



finally, a highly animated, skinny redhead wearing a terry-cloth bathrobe and carrying an accordion. They passed gravely through the arch into the foyer and turned there, toward the central staircase. Then, as the accordion-lady reached the stairs, she wheeled to face the parlor and whistled sharply. Miss Princess dropped her cards, patted Barney on the wrist and hastily joined the procession.

"Sorry, Barney, honey. It's all night for this crew. Play us a waltz, Priscilla," she said as she too vanished into the recesses of the foyer. And all was as it had been before, except for a soft scuffling and mumbling in the ante-chamber. It was Barry and Nozzy come to join the devout.

"What the hell was that?" said Nozzy. "We come in the back way and run into those nuts! You guys get any yet?"

Over Nozzy's flow of words, Moose uttered several "Where the hell you been's?" and Barry asked Lenny three times if the girls were clean. Lenny had just begun a scholarly explanation of bordello anthropology when the stair-hall door opened again and a well-filled Negro girl in shorts entered the parlor. She was very young and not at all unattractive if you could ignore her missing front tooth and vacant eyes. This being the case, all found her highly desirable except Lenny, who was an esthete in spite of himself. And when she spoke, it was with the tongues of angels.

"You gets it fust, honey because you been waitin' a spell for ol' Laura ain't you? You jes' come on honey, we get goin'."

With a nod to Lenny, Barney clasped one hand on her breast and pivoted her toward the door from which she had just entered.

"Come on, pally, I'll get you a real job upstairs. I bet Madeline'll love you! Come on!"

He means you, Lenny, Lenny, Lenny.

"Gee . . . I mean, Barry has the car. He should go first!" Not Cary Grant who spoke thusly! Winnie Winkle

(continued on page 58)



"Then, without thinking I introduced them as 'Their Royal Highnesses, William the Sturdy and Carolyn the Whore'."





MONIQUE VAN RUTENN

If you please, that zebra skin was a hunter's reward. And Monique, herself, is a trophy any huntsman would be proud to bag and mount—on his wall.









There's no catch to Monique, except her independence. Makes her a bit difficult to be tropped by just anyone. Monique knows her way, and it's a wary Monique who come to the big city to conquer, not to be conquered.











And if you'd like to know the result of Monique's adventures in the big city jungle, very simple. Summed up in two words. Monique won't









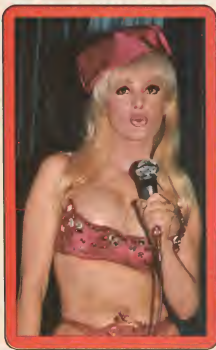


CAPER'S
PERSONALITY
OF THE MONTH

MISS
CAROL
DODA



Can a girl from a small town with a lot of brains be a success in the big, wicked city?









Shows what a good, strong, healthy voice will accomplish. Carol Doda is living proof that even nature can be improved upon, or maybe just enlarged.

SILICONE injections that are given to make the mammaries firm, full and fantastic are not so new that they have to be written about. Nor do most girls own up to possessing a pair of silicone sizes, except maybe Carol Doda, who took her pair of 34's and brought them all the way to a well rounded forty four.

Carol Doda, and her last name has become something of a euphemism for plasticized action, has made the San Francisco nightclub she owns and operates, something more than just an ordinary place of feminine entertainment. For without Carol D. it would be nothing, not the screen image Doda or the flesh and blood Doda doing her "thing".

[continued on next page]







A mirror reflection of Carol Doda almost boggles the imagination, staggers the mind with the enormity of the image that the eyes encounter. But Carol Doda is real, the real woman you're ever, ever going to see.

in front of the screen. Not even the topless Doda who parades what MD's have wrought, with all the finesse and determination of any brainy girl who knows enough to take her natural assets and mine them for all they're worth.

It wasn't long ago that Carol Doda was making one hundred fifty dollars a week, which isn't very much. Now, she has her own place, and the prices are much higher—and so is the take.

Miss Doda did as much for Rudi Gemreich's topless dress as the designer himself—probably more so. Because without a Carol, Gemreich would have had nothing. Topless dancers and waitresses, and even gas station attend-

ants, are not unusual, at least not now. So what makes Carol Doda different?

It is the very facet of her being, her act and her personality which combine to create an electrical charge. Her act has all the elements of a Broadway musical—but more personalized. And, she has a pair of lungs to go with her other pair.

Carol dances topless during her performance. Which can keep any healthy male bug-eyed. And when she has to go off stage to make a costume (!) change, the projector shows a screen image of Carol dancing so the audience is never without some sight of all the Doda spectaculars.

If you're dotting on Doda, you're not

alone. And a man could love her for her brains, too. She's one smart cookie who has engineered her natural attributes into the super-natural. And that is not to be confused with something out of this world. On the other hand, those attributes are something out of this world.

This, then, is the story of one girl's striving for success in the big, wicked city and making it.

If you're ever out the bay area way, drop in at the night club that's known simply as Carol Doda's. And that's the last note of anything about her being simple. Carol Doda simply isn't built that way.



BY JOHN POWERS

THREE'S TOO MANY

Once he was sure,
the only thing to
do was tell the truth

PAUL HAD BEEN married three years when the other woman came into his life. Now, after a year, he must make a final decision. It would be hard to break up with Elaine, but tonight, less than two hours from now, he'd have to tell her that he loved Julie.

He stirred his drink absently, his eyes searching the booths of the dimly-lighted cocktail lounge. He'd been watching the door ever since six-thirty, but he didn't see Julie until she was halfway between the bar and his booth. She walked toward him, slim, graceful, her lithe model's body only partially concealed in an expensive dress. He watched the heads on the bar stools turn to follow her, and was pleased. Pride of possession, he thought.

"Hello, Paul." Her long, beautifully manicured fingers closed over his wrist with that familiar pressure which was part of their private lovemaking. Her voice, husky and whispering, always made his heart pound, and a hard tense knot formed in his stomach when she touched him.

He ordered a pair of martinis, and they both began talking at once, saying nothing, trying to avoid the subject.

Finally, her too-bright smile fading, she asked, "Are you going to go through with it, Paul? Are you going to settle it tonight?"

"Yes." How kind Julie had been! Understanding that it would be difficult and painful for him to break with Elaine. These past months hadn't been too easy for her, either, he realized. "I'm going to see her as soon as I leave here. I've already called her. She said she'd be there."

"How are you going to tell her, Paul? Have you got a speech ready, or are you going to ad-lib the whole thing?" She tried to smile, but it didn't quite come off.

"The best thing to do is tell her the truth. That we made a mistake, she and I. That whatever we had together is gone. In short, I'm going to tell her that I've discovered that I can't ever love anyone but you."

Julie stared at her drink for a few moments, and when she finally raised her eyes to his he could see she was almost ready to cry. "I don't like to think of you hurting her, darling. She must love you. Oh, Paul, I don't want to wreck your chance for happiness—if you see any there. Be sure, Paul. That's all I ask—just be absolutely *sure*! I could laugh and say that I really don't love you, but you know I'm not much good at lying. It would just about kill me, but if you want me to, I'll walk out of here right now and

you'll never have to bother about me again. Whatever you decide, Paul, is what I want you to do."

"I made a mistake once, Julie," Paul said quietly. "This time I'm sure."

They ordered again. Paul kept glancing at his watch and finally he said, "Well, I guess I'd better get started. Do you want to wait for me here?"

"No," she said, "I'm too nervous to sit still. I'd rather just walk around for an hour and then meet you at the restaurant. I'll order for both of us, and we can celebrate."

He leaned over and kissed her quickly, and turned toward the door . . .

Inside the apartment, he avoided Elaine's kiss, and forced her arms from his neck. He was miserable.

"Elaine, I don't . . . I . . ." He told her then, trying to make it sound as though it were a simple business deal of some sort, anxious to make her understand. "It's just no good, Elaine. I love Julie. I'll probably always love her. You know that if there were any possible way, if I weren't positive . . . I'd never do anything to hurt you, darling. You know what you've meant to me. But we can't go on."

He had expected her to be angry, but she was only sad. "I knew it would be like this, Paul. I told myself that we could make it work. I even tried to make myself believe that I was winning. But I knew you'd leave me."

She cried, silently, and he reached for her. He drew her to him, and the old desire he always felt for her smoldered and burst into flame within him. Maybe just once more, he thought. He fumbled with the zipper of her skirt, but she pushed him away roughly, and he knew he'd made a mistake. He tried to change the subject.

"I . . . I'll take good care of you, Elaine. I'll make some kind of a settlement." This was the part which he dreaded.

Now she was angry. "I don't need your money! You give me a story about being in love with Julie, and the first thing you do is try to get me in bed. When that doesn't work, you start talking money. Why don't you just get the hell out of here? Go on, get out and leave me alone." She started crying again.

He turned and walked toward the door.

They looked at each other for a moment, and finally Paul left her, this woman who had come into his life for fourteen troubled months, and he went out to meet his wife.





THE PERFECTIONIST

By TOM DEPUIS QUAND

He had a place for everything,
and everything was always in its place—
but not all the pieces fit.

He paused a moment before the perfume counter, carefully debating with himself as to whether the Amorial or the Doux Jasmin would more deeply stir Daphne's amorous responses.

It was a toss-up.

Either could spur the sensual animal that lay sleeping indolently beneath her fragile, virginal exterior, a tiger obscured by a jungle mist. Daphne looked the epitome of purity.

Her appearance reminded of some perfect Meissen shepherdess behind glass. Or, perhaps, the recurrent dream of a madonna visioned by some Mother Superior. But contrary to her physical self, Daphne's mind was not in the least aesthetic, and her reactions were purely fleshly.

He believed he enjoyed Daphne so thoroughly because she was his direct opposite. His enjoyment was purely mental. She was the perfect complement, and he was a perfectionist.

To him, the physical experience was secondary, as physical fulfillment must always be to mental satisfaction. It was pleasant to watch Daphne's

excitement and to feel the soaring sense of superiority in the realization that it was really of no moment to him whether or not they indulged in final physical contact. It was amusing to allow his mind to be master of his body. For he prided

[continued on next page]

himself on the fact that he was in complete control of every feeling and reaction at all times.

Worship of the mind, its powers, its infinite possibilities, all its facets, had to him become a fetish. The physical side of life, he felt, was but a minor part of experience. The body had limitations, the limitations of the esurient physical wishes. The mind had no limits.

To have all knowledge! This was all of life in the final analysis. All and as much as life could give! Knowledge! Psychology, philosophy, music, art—art, for instance. To make each master a part of one's own mind!

Speak of Matisse to whom it was as the game of some psychiatrist who says 'black' to the patient, and waits for the normal answer, 'white', and he would whisper in his next thought 'odalisques.' The sound of 'Degas' sent ballet girls whirling through the stage of his mind. And 'Picasso' brought the sight, and even the sound, of guitars. For Picasso's guitars (purely a product of Picasso's mind, communicated to the world through the secondary medium of physical effort) were such that they brought forth music from the canvas to those who had the ability to hear. The sound waves of 'Goya' started chords of crimson throbbing through his sensitive brain. Dali he discarded as but a copyist following in the footsteps of the master surrealist, Bosch. And Bosch drew the thought of Lautremont—

What flights the mind could take, stringing together association-fashion remembered gems of knowledge, like cranberries on a Christmas tree string! What a weapon would omniscience be!

Had he expressed a wish for an epitaph, without truly caring however, he might have suggested casually—'it connaît le dessus des cartes...' He could not wish for more, than that people would know he knew 'what was what.'

Now he discarded both other perfumes in favor of a fragile vial of Ylang-Ylang, thinking in remote and marshalled pleasure of its fragrance smoothed over the sheen of Daphne's skin. He thought of her in the same

remote pleasure with which he might regard an *omelette baveuse*. Pleasant in itself, when perfectly prepared, merely for contemplation. Pleasant, too, in the satisfaction of an appetite. But even with taste or participation, the sight and aroma could combine to construct a pleasant state of mind. Each, a masterpiece.

He was, indeed, a perfectionist. That was why he had chosen Daphne. She was strikingly beautiful, superbly stupid. She was a rhapsody in flesh, a miracle of protoplasmic art. She had full red lips and clear smooth skin without a blemish. Her body never had been touched by the sun, and in its perfection looked as if it might never have been touched by anyone. Ivory satin in color and texture.

She was amenable to any suggestion, utterly good-natured, innately indolent and cat-like. He loved to sit for hours, smoking, just watching her. And she was content to lie quietly for hours, merely letting him watch her. Her relaxation would be complete—her long, beautiful legs graceful and relaxed, her arms wide-flung, her head on the pillow with a swirl of ebony hair fan-wise, cascading, her voice charmingly, drawlingly relaxed. She seldom spoke, and when she did, she said nothing. She was restful, and like a drug to his senses.

He congratulated himself on his 'arrangement' with Daphne, as he accepted from the clerk the neatly wrapped bottle of perfume. He pocketed the package, turned up his overcoat collar against the cool of early evening, and stepped out onto the sidewalk.

He visited Daphne, as a rule, twice a week. Never less. Seldom more. Sometimes he would sit and read aloud to her to observe her response. Sometimes he would expound ideas and watch her sleek dark head nod in assent as she agreed with some observation of which she understood nothing. If he chose, he might enjoy a sensual moment in her arms, but this, as all sensation, he felt, was purely of the mind. Nothing was necessary, only sensation. Jealousy—pain—hunger, both of the mouth and the body—

these were all but sensations striking a response upon the mind who would let them enter.

His hungers came only when he allowed them to come. They never demanded, never ruled. But always it took perfection to satisfy them, since they must attain the ultimate. This was so with the sensation of the consumption of food equally with the sensation of the rhythm of procreation.

Maitres of cuisine found it a pleasure to serve him. Here was one who *knew!* He could tell from the first taste whether the terrapin was less than seven inches from shell tip to shell tip, and thus fit for the palate of a connoisseur. He knew by a tip-of-the-tongue taste if the Soubise or the Bechamel were sauces of perfection, or to be thrown back at the chef!

He would return to the foyer. Replace his overcoat. Put on his gloves. Put on his hat, adjusting it at exactly the right angle before the mirror, carefully, leisurely. Take his stick. Leave the key on the foyer table, and depart. And once outside the door, he knew Daphne would vanish as completely from his mind as if she never had existed. Nothing could touch him except as he would let it. His mind built a wall around his life. Ecstasy and despair alike were but allowed sensations.

So he made his way toward the apartment, serene, untouched by the life of the streets around him. Daphne should have all of his mind for the next few hours, even though she would be unaware of it. Her sleek dark head would nod, her lips would smile, her body would be for his pleasure, for this was one of those nights, he knew, when he chose to indulge the physical side of himself, purely as a diversion for his mind.

The taste of jealousy. A product of the untrained, the uncivilized, the imperfect mind. A violent display of stupidity in those unaware that nothing physical in life was worth the effort of succumbing to excitement.

As far as Daphne was concerned, he knew he felt nothing that could not in a moment be put out of his mind. He even had thought ahead to

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JOSETTE UNE

Oh, we are not to say that into everyone's, that is every mole's, life there should not come a tint of color. A sort of happy hue that like our own Josette. A calm, relaxing coloration that brings the sun out on a foggy day, makes twilight sparkle and evening stars glisten. So "listen" to the color, "hear" its soft call, as a pensive Josette waits and waits and waits and waits...





It's so difficult not to let the mood over-
take the encouragement Josette implies.
No, don't let her get away. Not that she
would want to, nor would you truly let
her. No, stay Josette. Josette stays! She
talks. Listen. Promises. Peut etre! There
will be another evening, another day,
another worm thought, another hope, an-
other promise. Ah, but there will never be
another Josette!







Oh, sa shy, our Josette. Sa why not came out from where you hiding Josette? No sooner asked then done. There is the playful kitten about this girl from ocrass the Atlantic. Where the distance of an aceon is melted owoy by the discovery of this girl, Josette. A daughter of the sans of toil ond danger, ever friendly ta a stranger, ever conquering, ever winning the heorts, if not the minds of men . . . ever, and amen.



"This is a 'happening' I presume."

WHO WAS DREW BERKOWITZ?

By TRICIA HURST

The Last of the Great Playboys

RICH, handsome, well born, well educated George Plimpton, envied by men, adored by women, has gained fame for himself by being what every one of us secretly aspires to—an INDIVIDUAL. In reading of the deeds and escapades of this cleaned-up, button-down-shirt version of Huckleberry Finn, one can't help but wonder if, but a few years ago, he might not have been influenced by another "infante terrible" and thus changed the course of his life.

It is difficult to separate the two of them — today's George Plimpton and yesterday's Drew Berkowitz — THE LAST OF THE GREAT PLAYBOYS.

Drew's first appearance on the New York scene was noted in a short paragraph in a Broadway gossip column.

"Drew Berkowitz, the eccentric Akron, Ohio, millionaire, caused a stir among the luncheon crowd at Twenty One the other day when he wrestled a great dane outside of the cloak room."

Such an item would raise little comment or get much attention from the faithful followers of such columns — they were used to reading about millionaires and their capers — but when a following item was printed stating that Drew not only wrestled the beast but, to add insult to injury, bit him — more than one citizen sat up and took notice.

From there on it was clear sailing for Drew and his name became a household word among those insatiable souls in the cafe society world whose Bible for a better way of living is the gossip column. Drew's exploits were awaited with bated breath and his comings and goings noted and catalogued with loving care by many a column critic.

Fortunately Drew drank! Fortunately, that is, for a dozen columnists and their readers who faithfully followed his sodden staggering through the better gin mills and cafe society em-





"Never trust a man over \$30."

poriums that were his way of life. His drinking shouldn't be misunderstood, however. Drew was not just any drunk. He was a gregarious, carefree, colorful character who loved all that life had to offer and the fact that he drank merely enabled him to follow his chosen path with as little inhibition as possible.

That he was occasionally reported to have been throwing spit balls at dowagers from behind potted palms in the Plaza and tossed out on his ear from a 52nd Street joint for slitting the g-string of a stripper with a razor while she was in the middle of her act—was beside the point. He had his other side and those who said they knew him swore there was another Drew Berkowitz, a hero, a brave man among men.

To prove their point, they displayed a column item that related a feat the average man would shrink from.

"Those wondering what's become of Drew Berkowitz, the millionaire playboy, will be surprised to hear he left some weeks ago in his private plane to look into the Mau Mau situation."

And, then, a couple of days later, a follow-up appeared:

"Drew Berkowitz, the Akron aristocrat, slayed seven armed Mau Maus in hand to hand combat."

He returned—the idol of thousands—and one newspaper's circulation damn near doubled as its harried columnists and feature writers tried to obtain more meaty background on the shining boy of the hour.

Life as he had seen it in the African was appeared to have a sobering effect on the erstwhile playboy as a number of Sullivan, Winchell, Walker and Knickerbocker items pointed out:

"Drew Berkowitz laid the cornerstone for the new shelter for wayward mothers-to-be on Bleeker Street."

"Drew Berkowitz, the newest member of Alcoholics Anonymous sipping buttermilk at a 57th Street health food shop."

"Drew Berkowitz, heir to the soybean fortune, giving up night life to devote his energies to crossing the soy bean with the peanut. Believes it may be the answer to the virus."

But, like all fun-loving, free-thinking children of nature, Drew broke under the heavy schedule of toil he had set for himself and returned to his first love—having a ball!

This time he dallied for awhile in the romance department and his choice of female pulchritude has yet to be equalled as can be plainly noted from the following column mentions:

"Drew Berkowitz and Ava Gardner holding hands up to the elbow at El Morocco. When asked about Frankie, Miss Gardner commented, 'Phooey.'"

"It must be love for Sonia Henie. She presented Drew Berkowitz with her favorite pair of skates for his birthday."

"When asked why she'd changed her hair back to blonde, Lana Turner is reported to have answered, 'Drew likes it better when I'm my natural self.' Drew Berkowitz the tycoon, natch!"

The Broadway beat boys and girls and their readers were even given a whiff of what might have been the marriage of the year when it was reported in a society column:

"Is it really serious between Drew Berkowitz, the international financier, and Princess Margaret Rose? The Archbishop of Canterbury is said to have been consulted."

Of course, this was BEFORE Armstrong-Jones.

Even romance seemed to pall on our hero after a time and despite the fact he was having a field day with the cream of the crop of female companionship of three continents, he was

again bitten by the old wanderlust bug. Having a soft spot in his heart for his old Mau Mau days he organized an African safari. As reported in an afternoon daily:

"Drew Berkowitz practically bought out the sporting goods department of Abercrombie & Fitch for his upcoming visit to India." (Those columnists never get anything right.)

And in a morning tabloid:

"S. S. Pierce, the swank Boston store, shipped three crates of minced clams, pate de foi gras and smoked eels to Drew Berkowitz for him to take along on his proposed African jaunt."

It was obvious that Berkowitz was not planning on existing on any of the local giraffe or rhinoceros stuff.

Not much was heard of our modern day Ulysses for a few weeks until the tragic news was related to the New York press (presumably by a native runner or swimmer) that Berkowitz had fallen victim to a jungle fever carried by an insect indigenous to African altitudes.

One reporter stated it in more simple terms:

"Whimsical Wasp Wallops Berkowitz."

It was soon apparent, however, that it was no laughing matter and Drew was reported to have hovered between life and death on his bed of straw for seven days and seven nights with only a native girl and her aged father in attendance. Luckily, the old guy was a retired witch doctor who happened to have some penicillin samples on hand.

At last, feeling able to travel once more, Drew shook hands with the old witch doctor and pressed a fifty-cent piece into the outstretched palm of the native girl—she was holding her new born babe in her other arm at the time.

All of this was at one time or another reported in various and sundry newspapers with the final curtain to his trip being dropped when it was printed that:

"Berkowitz junks private plane in Africa and returns on tanker. Says it's 'better by boat.'"

Nothing was every mentioned of the child born of his jungle union—at least not in print—which only goes to prove the press's deep-rooted allegiance towards our American Ambassadors abroad. Word did get around the East Fifties, however, and everyone agreed that they'd always known ole Drew had it in him.

Drew appeared to have retrieved his second wind on his ocean voyage for it wasn't but a few hours after he'd gotten his feet on home ground that he was again the Cyrano of the Col-

ony, the Sampson of the Stork and the Errol Flynn of El Morocco. (Home ground being the most convenient bar rail in any one of the better bistros.)

It was during this time that Drew undertook one of the most successful endeavors of his career. It also turned out to be one of his most serious and almost disastrous encounters with the possibility of spending the rest of his natural life behind bars.

His other brushes with the law were nothing more than minor skirmishes with traffic cops, room clerks, hansom cabbies—who stoutly refused to let him ride bareback, Idlewild Airport—they refused to let him run the operations tower and the Downtown Business Association who denied him the right to have a ticker-tape reception when he returned from a weekend in Akron.

All of these made juicy tidbits for space-filling, hungry columnists.

At the time of this almost fatal jaunt into judicial territory, Drew was on a health kick—or more specifically, a body building bender. His lavish apartment, as reported by a peep-hole purveyor, was a “mass of muscle men magazines” and he was a regular client of three gymnasiums. It was sometime during this period that he decided that what a guy needed to become a real-honest-Atlas was outdoor exercise—a commodity that is at a premium in Manhattan.

It seemed obvious to Drew that the only road open to him was to become a day laborer!

Offering his services to the foreman on the Lever Brothers job at 53rd and Park, he believed in starting at the top in the construction field, and working his way over to Third Avenue where Tim Costello was enlarging his bar. Drew was turned down by one and all. His Brooks Brothers custom-made overalls and yachting cap had evidently stirred up more than a little suspicion in the hearts of the hard working bulldozer set.

There are those who said what finally took place was not his fault.

Surrounded by road blocks and lanterns, diligently slinging a pick axe and shovel for two days and one night, Drew tore up almost a half a city street at Broadway and 42nd. His muscles were showing signs of making an appearance in the not too distant future when some nosy busybody in the traffic department inquired of the Mayor just how long 41st and 43rd streets would be congested due to the 42nd street detour. Finally, after a couple of days' more of inquiry and cross inquiry, it came to light that some crazy idiot was tearing up half of New York without any authoriza-

tion, let alone a union card.

A daily news column printed the story word for word, but the society scribe put it more imaginatively and poetically.

“Drew Berkowitz, the boy with billions, going into politics the hard way—from the bottom up.”

It was rumored around the more exclusive Turkish baths that getting out of that little fiasco had cost our nature boy upwards of 10,000 smackeros. But it was assumed he'd taken it out of his grocery money.

This last escapade evidently unnerved Drew—even if it was ever so slightly, as he stopped making his daily visits to the locker rooms and went back to a more restful, if not as healthful, way of living. His activities were, if anything, of more interest than ever to the cafe society world and its followers and he was once again on top of the world.

During a creative period he started a male fashion or two—he was the first to wear walking shorts to an opening night of the opera; invented a new drink called “One and You're Out” (and you were); a new movement-contact lenses for self-conscious cataracted canines; and a new political party slogan, “Caviar in every casserole and a blonde in every bed.”

The icing on the cake was added when he by-lined an article in an expose magazine on HIMSELF. Even his so-called pals had to admit this was pretty damned eccentric.

But like all great men, Drew's time was limited and the day came when he was to realize that he was just another mortal—a man who must settle his accounts with his maker.

It was in Italy at a sports car meet and Drew was driving his souped-up Bentley. It was over in a minute and no one seemed to know just what did happen. One thing was sure — Drew Berkowitz had been quoted for the last time. His obituary was short in the papers—when it came right down to it, no one knew very much about the millionaire who had become a myth. There was good reason for it, too. The millionaire who had become a myth was in reality—the Myth Who Had Become A Millionaire.

Drew Berkowitz, the aristocrat from Akron, the prankster of Park Avenue, the marauder of the Mau Mau, the wooer of women, and the conqueror of Cafe Society, was the brainchild of an overzealous press agent who succeeded in getting his fictitious client over seven hundred column mentions in the course of less than two years.

To this very day there are few who realize how they were duped — among them a long list of the “smartest press agents in town” who had jumped on

the bandwagon and linked Drew with everything from personalities to Pepsi-Cola. His name meant news and the fact that he was a product of a fellow cohort's imagination was little known or of little importance.

Long after his abrupt departure for a better world, Drew was still spoken of as a swell guy — a great friend and a beloved escort. More than one publicity minded debutante is said to have lamented his passing with such praises as, “He was the most wonderful date a girl could have. So attentive and soooooo attractive.”

Drew Berkowitz might have gone on for years were it not for two factors that were bound to arise sooner or later.

A national news magazine was hot on the trail and had contacted the press agent for an appointment and interview. It was at that time that Drew left conveniently for his African Safari. When the news mag became more persistent, the press agent decided to dispense with Drew in the African jungles, but fortunately the conscientious editor on the news magazine got transferred to another bureau and Drew's life was spared.

The second factor was that almost without exception every columnist in New York was hounding the press agent for exclusive interviews, and realizing that his reputation was at stake and that he'd be dead for good with all of his outlets if the truth were ever known, the p.a. did the only thing left for him to do.

He annihilated the Akron Aristocrat in an Auto Accident.

“I knew it had to be done when Earl Wilson called me and laid it on the line,” sighed the frustrated flak. “He insisted that I produce Berkowitz for an interview and there was nothing else I could do. Believe me when I say it was one of the toughest things I ever had to do in my life. I sort of loved that guy. He was almost like a brother.”

Drew's formal obituary appeared in a couple of papers but the most fitting was written by Frank Farrell, who as a friend of the p.a.'s had been in on the gag and had never printed a Berkowitz item.

It was in late December and Farrell was writing his last column of the year. It was a New Year's column—saying goodbye to the old and hello to the new. In effect, Farrell said, “...as for Drew Berkowitz, I think I'll kill him with my typewriter . . . Bang! Bang! You're Dead!”

And so Drew's last notice was via a column. He went out in a blaze of glory.

It was the way he would have wanted it! ●

BAD NEWS... GOOD NEWS!

Bad news ... your son is a homosexual!

Good news ... he was just voted "Queen Of The May!"

Bad news ... the airplane is on fire!

Good news ... we're 20 minutes ahead of schedule!

Bad news ... guess who's coming to dinner?

Good news ... he's the only Negro doctor in Scarsdale!

Bad news ... my Cadillac just went off a cliff!

Good news ... your mother-in-law was driving it!

Bad news ... tests show you've got six months to live!

Good news ... my blood pressure is down to 120!

Bad news ... your husband ran off with the maid!

Good news ... we got another girl to come in Tuesdays and Thursdays!

Bad news ... Mrs. Kelly, your daughter is a lesbian!

Good news ... she's going with a nice Irish girl!

Bad news ... your son is in love with his raincoat!

Good news ... it's only a physical attraction he feels!

Bad news ... your son developed a pock-marked face!

Good news ... he finally learned how to eat with a knife and fork!

Bad news ... your husband is on the critical list!

Good news ... he's got full Blue Cross coverage.

Bad news ... your chickens all have St. Vitus Dance!

Good news ... they're laying scrambled eggs!

Bad news ... X-Rays show you have a heart condition!

Good news ... my appendix is in very good shape!

Bad news ... your daughter ran off with the chauffeur!

Good news ... they took the Edsel!

Bad news ... your son was convicted of murdering 14 people!

Good news ... they let him go, it was his first offense!

Bad news ... all your teeth have to come out!

Good news ... my gums are in fine shape!

Bad news ... Mrs. Smith, your son wants to marry a Negro girl!

Good news ... he fell down and broke his leg this morning!

Bad news ... your daughter was an actress in a lewd movie!

Good news ... she got rave reviews!

Bad news ... you've got lung cancer!

Good news ... I don't have to give up smoking!







EVE EHLERS



A dip in the ocean, a quick swim, then maybe rest on the beach and usually, it's enough to cool off a guy. But when on Eve Ehlers comes along, whatever cooling off has been accomplished goes by the seaside, so to speak. But if one has to get warmed over and over, let it not be by the sun alone, but by the sight of this Eve as she stralls by, unconcerned that others are watching. For that is their lookout, alright, all right!









This view of Eve come about down Mexico way, where the Pacific beats against the white beach, and the life of a vacationeer is relaxed and hopeful. And the first woman one would hope to meet is Eve.











Now, there's no guarantee that your vacation south of the border will have as pleasant a result as this meeting with Eve. But the next time you have a few days and a few extra pesos, walk slowly down the beach, just after dawn...



...and chances are you'll come across Eve. She's a great one for getting started the first thing in the morning when the juices flow freely and the energy has not been sapped by the warm sun. So far six days enjoy, and rest well on the seventh. You'll probably need it.



IS MOTHER GOOSE LOOSE? OR SEX AND NURSERY RHYMES

BY PAUL LAIKIN

THIS is the age of revolution—political, artistic, sexual. And today we find the sexual revolution the most vocal and visual, especially on the stage, in the cinema, on the literary scene, and, even creeping into TV. Now, most people think of this as something new, but if you look back, however—as far back as you care to go—you'll find that sex has always been in our culture. And right in the most basic of places. Right smack in the middle of children's literature. That's right. In fact, old Mother Goose (dig that name) is loaded, not only with violence, but with sex. Dig a little and you can find all sorts of perversions, both hidden and open, in these so-called nursery rhymes and fairy tales. To prove our point, we present some of the more popular of these poems our children grow up with, together with a clear analysis of them. Take a good look at each one and you'll be appalled at all the sordid depravity and erotic excesses that kids have been subjected to all these years. It is little wonder that so many of them grow up with sexual hangups, what with being exposed so early in life to such traumatic sensual shocks as these. Take, for instance, an old favorite:

Rub-a-dub-dub
Three men in a tub
Who should they be
But the butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker.

Here we have a "fairy" tale that really lives up to its name. Mind you. Two grown men in a bathtub can be construed as a little strange, but when you have *three* of them together in one barrel, it takes on orgiastic proportions. What must our children think when they read about three men who sit there and blatantly rub each other and then start in to "dub-dub." It sounds downright obscene.

At any rate, the symbolism is quite clear. Even in the light of today's open and frank society, it seems imprudent to call this kind of material good reading

for children. But, let's take a look at another old "classic" all kids know:

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do,
She gave them some broth
Without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly
And put them to bed.

If this isn't a clear-cut case of sado-masochistic behavior, coupled with overtones of fetishism and incest, what is? Take this pathetic old woman who has so many children. One can readily see that she "didn't know what to do." If she knew, she wouldn't have had so many in the first place—the old tramp.

Whatever the case, what does she do with them? She feeds them—just barely enough to keep them alive—so she can get in her peculiar "kick." And then she "whips" them—a practice long regarded as basic Krafft-Ebing. And, of course, she gets them "right into bed"—a natural follow-up for this sort of biddy. This is definitely questionable behavior. To top it off, the woman does her "living" in a shoe—probably the most celebrated of all fetish symbols in erotica.

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the wall
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.

Here is blatant sexualism, open and bared, without even the slightest attempt to hide anything. Every line is loaded with overt symbolism. The first two words are a dead giveaway—"ding dong." What schoolboy doesn't know what a "ding dong" is. "Go play with your ding dong" has long been a catch-phrase on the

streets and alleys of every town and city across the country.

The next line speaks for itself. As does the next. "Who put her in?" and "Who pulled her out?" need no further comment. We then go on. The name "Little Johnny" comes next, a distinct reference to an area of physical contact. And "Green" and "Stout" are both adjectives that suggest different types of participants. I feel strongly that people who look upon this rhyme as being about a drowning kitten, have something terribly wrong with them.

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry,
When the girls came out to play
Georgie Porgie ran away.

This time we have another "fairy" tale, albeit cleverly disguised. The evidence is unmistakable. First of all, the name itself is a sure indication. Anyone called "Georgie Porgie" has got to be a little "fruity." This should have warned the girls right away. But no. They let Georgie Porgie kiss them. And this is what made them cry. What warm-blooded girl wouldn't?

So then what happens? Disappointed with "lil Georgie Porgie," the girls come out "to play" among themselves. And what happens then? Turns out that when our poor perverted slob sees the kind of playing the girls are engaging in, "he" runs away—pudding and pie and all. This is truly a tale of degenerate proportions. The words "pudding and pie" were probably thrown in to sweeten the whole sordid mess.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run,
The pig was eat
And Tom got beat
Which sent him howling down the street.

A lot of people may think this one is about an animal—a real "pig." But, if you stop and think about it for a moment, you'll see that the "pig" is really an "ugly girl." When you consider it that way, the rhyme takes on a different meaning.

We have here a guy who obviously picks up this broad and then runs off with her. After getting his "kicks," he then has her "beat" him (a switcheroo on 'Old Mother Goose')—a not unusual source of stimulation for this type. Whereupon, he gets so aroused again, he goes howling down the street, looking for another pig, no doubt. Now do you see where it all makes sense?

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
My master's lost his fiddling stick
And doesn't know what to do.

Imagine! Losing your "fiddling stick." No wonder the poor guy doesn't know what to do. You wouldn't either if you discovered yours gone. And this dame loses her "shoe"—again the perennial phallic fetish symbol that keeps cropping up in these rhymes. She isn't too much better off. Here in four short lines we have the

eternal erotic frustration that has haunted lovers over the ages. What the crowing is all about we just don't know.

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair,
Said Simple Simon to the pieman:
"Let me taste your ware."

This terse verse is so obviously perverse, it needs no further comment.

• • • • •

So there you have it. And this is only a small sampling. Practically all nursery rhymes have this kind of sexuality, most of it hidden but others quite overt. One reads of Jack and Jill going "up the hill." Do you really think they went up for water? And when that real nice "pussycat" is asked "Where have you been?" and she replies, "I've been to London to visit the 'Queen,'" one can only interpret this as a trip of truly degenerate nature.

Mother Goose is full of such perversions. From that Little Boy Blue "sleeping" under a haystack with the cows and sheep—to Mary who "had" a little lamb. From the lecherous old King Cole who called for his "fiddlers" three—to the guy who keeps singing "Mary, Mary, quite contrary." Everything from "goosy goosy gander" to "all around the mulberry bush!"

Even the more complex Fairy Tales contain this sensual erotic depravity. The titles themselves are indicative of this. From "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Beauty And The Beast" to "Puss In Boots" and "The Three Pigs." Take Pinocchio. This is obviously nothing more than the unnatural story of an Italian puppeteer and a young boy. Or Goldilocks—the offbeat tale of a blonde teenage girl shacking up in a house of beasts. Or the Pied Piper of Hamelin—a dirty old man leading on innocent school-age children. Or even Snow White—who shacks up in a house with seven strange dwarfs.

In almost all children's stories we come across some incredible things. We read of Robin Hood cavorting in the woods with his band of "merry men." And we discover Heidi—a fresh-faced young thing alone in the mountains of Switzerland. And we come upon Little Red Riding Hood—molested in the woods by a deranged "wolf" who turns out to be a transvestite. One marvels at the obvious symbolism of the "shoe fetish" in Cinderella; the orgy-like surroundings in Alice in Wonderland; the phallic "beanstalk" of Jack and his "Giant."

Yes, children's nursery rhymes and fairy tales should really be classified as "adult" nursery rhymes. And, as such, they should be kept from the reaches of young children. If nothing that's been said here has brought you to this conclusion, then just take a look at the story of the Princess and the Frog. In this tale, a beautiful young girl puts a frog under her pillow, and wakes up the next morning lying beside a handsome Prince. Now honestly, folks, let's face it—do you expect anybody to believe a fairy tale like that? ? ?



Vicki Carson





A vintage, sepia-toned photograph showing the lower half of a person standing in a field of tall, dry grass. The person's legs are the central focus, with their feet partially visible at the bottom. The grass is tall and thin, creating a textured background. The overall tone is warm and nostalgic.

Vicki Carson



COMMUNICATION

"Sex, sex, sex, sex . . ." he said, trying the direct approach

BY JOHN NOVOTNY

HE PUNCHED the button for the fifteenth floor and leaned back against the red and black leather-plaquet wall. "It has to work," he said softly, watching the identifying numerals appear in the small glass window and then fall away. "It's much more direct. Beamed right at her."

The fourteenth floor slid by and he pushed himself away from the wall.

"It sold popcorn even when people might have blinked or looked away from the screen," he murmured. "This will be so much—"

The door opened silently and he stepped out. Without looking for signs or checking numbers he walked quickly down the corridor and turned right. Stopping at the third door, he studied for a brief moment the corsage of tiny immaculate white roses in his left hand, and then pressed the buzzer. A gold-framed white card above it read "E. Wyman."

Elizabeth Wyman was twenty-eight, with burnished bronze hair that fell in burning waves before it curled under at her shoulders. She also had an amazingly strong backhand that scored as many points at the Wilton Tennis Club as the stunning sight of her tanned legs moving beneath an impertinent white tennis skirt. Tonight she wore chiffon, white at the neckline and fading in soft shadows to gray at the hem.

"Good evening, Arthur," she said, smiling. "Come in. I'm almost ready."

"You look lovely, Beth," he said. "But then you always do."

The girl laughed easily and walked across the room. "And you always pay beautiful compliments, Arthur. Does it look like rain? It's so warm I hate to close the windows."

She knelt on the big cinnamon sofa and stared out at the sky.

"The stars have come out," he said, consciously speaking

faster than usual. "You can leave the windows open. Besides we sex have a little time."

Beth turned and looked at him.

"What did you say?" she inquired.

"We have a little time," Arthur said. His collar suddenly felt tight. "While we're waiting I wanted to tell you something interesting about those stars. And this is for you."

Beth accepted the corsage.

"It's beautiful," she said warmly. "I can always depend on Arthur for beautiful words and beautiful corsages. Thank you. Suppose you tell me this interesting secret and I'll fix a drink while we wait."

Arthur watched her walk to the cabinet. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"It's not exactly a secret," he said, the words crowding forth into the room. "I'm an amateur astronomer. I visited the Planetarium the other day and learned some astonishing facts."

"Um-m," Beth murmured as she selected glasses and looked for the Scotch. Arthur permitted himself a slight smile.

"The astronomy people have managed to measure what they now say is the largest star," he continued. "That's a sun just like ours, you know. It's the star Alpha Hercules sex and is two thousand times as large as ours in sex. That's the biggest but sex it's not the nearest. The nearest star to us sex is Alpha Centauri and is four point three sex light years away."

Beth nodded and dropped ice cubes in the two glasses. Arthur wet his lips.

"If you thought of the sun as a rubber beach ball two feet in diameter sex, the little planet Mercury would be a mustard seed sex eighty-three feet away. This is a scale sex model I'm speaking of. Venus would be about the size of a pea at 155 feet. Earth a little larger, with the other

planets until sex about eight thousand five hundred feet sex away would be another tiny pea. This would be sex Pluto, the furthest out planet in our solar sex system."

She walked back, sat down beside him, and handed him a glass. Arthur placed it on the coffee table and looked squarely into her eyes.

"In the constellation of Taurus is the Crab Nebulae sex and it looks like a faint puff sex of smoke in a decent size telescope," he said. Beth sipped her Scotch and soda and leaned back. Arthur covered Orion, Andromeda, Scorpius, Leo, and Canis Major. He worked the word "sex" into his monologue thirty-nine times. When he began describing Mizar in the Big Dipper, Beth's right shoulder strap slipped off. She brushed at it negligently but it slipped down again and she forgot it. Arthur swallowed.

"Go on," she murmured. "Mizar has what?"

"A faint companion," Arthur said quickly. "Alcor. The Indians used it as sex a test of eyesight. A telescope sex separates the two stars easily."

He hurried on into the current theory of the expanding universe and at the seventh mention of galaxy and the sixty-

third repetition of sex Beth Wyman kicked off her shoes. Arthur went into high gear. Beth's breathing became noticeably faster and both shoulder straps had fallen. As Arthur spoke she left the sofa and walked to the wall switch.

"Suppose we don't go out tonight," she suggested without turning to him.

"Very well," Arthur agreed immediately. "This topic sex is not only interesting but sex important. If the sun's temperature cannot escape the helium blanket—"

His words rained upon her and the light switch clicked. As she lowered her arm, the white chiffon fell to her waist. Arthur went into over-drive. Beth walked restlessly. Each time she passed the window a brilliant shaft of moonlight raced over her body. Twice she stopped in front of Arthur. Each time he increased his word speed. She ran her hands along the leopard skin upholstery on the two big chairs in the foyer. She fixed another drink and finished it in three minutes. She pressed buttons that put out other lights and started music playing. One button ultimately brought a knock on the door. Arthur stopped talking as Beth threw her fur wrap around her bare shoulders and answered the door.

"You rang for service, ma'am?"

Beth spent three seconds inspecting the six-foot-tall uniformed attendant.

"That's exactly what I did," she said firmly. "I can't wait for my friend to get back from Arcturus."

The boy closed the door behind him.

"There won't even be a charge," he said, laughing softly. Beth dropped her fur wrap, grabbed his arm, and hauled him through the darkness to the bedroom.

"I'll be right in," she called, shutting the door. "Arthur, are you still here?"

A miserable croak came from the direction of the sofa.

"Arthur, I'm sorry," she apologized. "I don't know what in the world came over me, but I've suddenly got an important appointment. Your flowers are beautiful and you talk beautifully. But, Arthur, you talk too damned much. If you'll excuse me—"

The bedroom door opened and Arthur got a quick glimpse of Beth Wyman before it slammed again. He knew he was alone in the living room with the remnants of the white and gray chiffon dinner dress.

"I knew it would work," he muttered dismally.



"Sorry Henry. We're leaving now. Ethel must get the kids ready for school."











THIS GUNN IS



NOT FOR HIRE









Blow trumpets blow! Ride the wooden horse. Make up your own fairy tale. And in this one our Susie Gunn plays a knight. Good grief, can that be true? Yes ma'am. And so good night!







Whot you hove to do is be prepared to hove our Susie, the good knight succor you in your time of travail. For every knight is bound to rescue the weak, save the downtrodden and go out into the world looking for good deeds to perform. And our knight Susie must hove o squire, so . . .



...if anyone is going to loy o hond on Susie, our miss knight it's going to be—oho, o challenge, you soy. You jest, no you joust. Bewore the drown sober—and Miss Gunn.



WHERE THE ACTION IS

By CARSON DAWES

TIME was, and not too long ago, when a footloose young swain who wanted the companionship of the opposite sex was limited to four basic courses of action. He could visit a house of ill-repute; search the local bistros; lower himself to that barbarism known as "dating," and perhaps make an eventual seduction; or, last of all last things, he could consider marriage.

Two things have arisen lately that virtually change the whole make-out scene. The first is the population explosion. There are, by actual census count, almost two women to every man in the United States. This, coupled with the slight relaxing of an unrealistic moral setup, has made pickings better for the swinging bachelor of the Sixties than for men of any previous era—discounting isolated situations like the Tahitian Islands when they were discovered by Captain Cook.

And a new type of place has arisen, a new "action-place" not too far removed from the Utopia Captain Cook's sailors encountered in Tahiti—only it's

much more convenient to reach—and potentially more dangerous.

The word is resort. Be it mountain, lake, ski or western, the resorts have all the action. At least all of the action that's uninhibited enough to count, and they're laying it on the line with a frankness that's downright gratifying to a bachelor's heart. But beware. "All is not gold that...etc., etc."

"For the young wheeler-dealers," says one brochure for an Oregon health spa. "A place to mix-and-meet."

The nicest thing about these woodsy retreats is the reason for going there in the first place—the women. Clinically and statistically, they are an average of twenty-one years old, urban dwellers from slightly-upper-middle-class families who have one thing, and one thing only in mind—*getting a husband*. In short, of a less than desirable nature. But statistics rarely show the whole picture. In this case, the first thing that jumps into a man's mind is a very definite "Why?" Why do these women go to a resort to catch a husband? And

the most logical answer is—that they are too undesirable to score at home—is the wrong one. The opposite is usually true. One young man, alone in a busload of *forty-three* girls on their way to a Maryland resort, reported "...a ninety-percent boudoir ratio"—or words to the effect that he anticipated a tiring weekend. The real reason that the women flock to the resorts stems from a super-advertising campaign on the part of the resorts' social directors.

"Guaranteed mixing," says a half page ad in a large national magazine. "Round-robin on all the meals, games and discussions. You're sure to meet many *engaging* prospects."

To the crowded city girl—who is limited, at best, to four or five acquaintances that she's known all her life—the prospect of meeting several different *eligible* young men in one week is attractive. The guarantee of round-robin (never eating the same meal, playing the same game or joining in the same bull-session with the same man) is like so much frosting on the cake.



"Gosh Alexander...you're great!"

Unfortunately for the girls, and fortunately for the modern bachelor, the resorts are guilty of indiscretion in their advertising. The necessary men for this sort of "guaranteed mixing" are usually never on hand. The result is that the girls flock to the resort (one retreat on the east coast processes two hundred "singles," as the girls are called, in a typical week—and only ten men for the same period) only to find themselves in a worse fix than they'd been in the city. (One dude-ranch in Arizona went so far as to pay waiters double wages if they were "...young, healthy and single.")

Before considering the effect of the disappointment when they arrive at the resort, two other facets of the girls not shown by statistics should be covered. The first is just how far they will go to get a husband. Many of them have been primed by their friends and relatives to a point of desperation. They enter the resort with a do-or-die attitude. One New York girl—blonde, willowy and twenty-two—said, "My mother told me that if I didn't come home engaged, or close to engaged, I shouldn't come home at all." That phrase, "close to engaged," ties hand-in-hand with the second facet not covered by statistics—the girls' moral attitude. In the city, they're governed by family ridicule, social ostracism or loss of face should they be caught transgressing from accepted mores. For some reason, all of that virtually vanishes when they hit a resort. They become footloose and to-hell-with-it-all, and inhibitions are left hanging in the nearest tree. Life is immediate, now—everything turns into a mad rush to meet and learn as much as possible about as many men as possible in the short time available.

In the October 8, '67 of *The Satur-*

day Evening Post there is an article dealing with the mixing resorts. In the article, one of the social directors of a resort-hotel in the Catskills is quoted as addressing a group of guests:

"... Out of thirteen hundred people (mostly women), all you have to do is meet that one person, ladies and gentlemen. Let's all remember: Yesterday is a cancelled check. Tomorrow is a promissory note. But today is ready cash. Right now today is there the chance of meeting the right one today? Right now? Maybe not. But we say, men, if the chances of meeting the one are small, why not enjoy the journey?"

Indeed, why not enjoy the journey? The analogy is appropriate, for the bachelor finding himself suddenly thrust among these disappointed females can't help but become the proverbial bee-flitting from one affection-starved flower to another in an exhaustion-inducing trip that doesn't need to end until the swinger's natural resources give out.

Before starting on the trip, however, there are a few essentials that must be understood. The women, for instance—what, exactly, will they be like? There will be the usual amount of one-or-two child divorcees, looking for another fish. There'll also be a few matrons—forty and above, wealthy and away and youth-seeking. But for the most part, you'll see young secretaries, airline stewardesses or new-career types—all hunting. It must be fully comprehended that they are after you for the purpose of marriage. Sticky involvements could happen, but only if you aren't discreet in your entanglements, and the harvest reaped is easily worth risking a couple of emotional seasons.

Then there's cost—how much will all this fun run you? It goes without saying that your expenses will be little or nothing if you score with one of the

affluent chicks. (A fair amount of wealthy families send their daughters to the resorts, thinking, mistakenly, that a fair amount of the wealthy-family-sons are sent to the same place.) But even if you foot your own bill, the cost isn't out of line. It will cost you roughly a week's wage for a week's stay—one-to-two bills. For this moderate sum you get food (all you can eat, and usually recommended by Hines), a place to sleep and often all the nightclub entertainment your crew can stand (musical groups, dance groups, comedians and so on). You also get the wonderful romantic atmosphere provided by old Ma Nature—trees, fresh air and moonlight. Booze generally costs extra, and it's generally too high. If you are a serious drinker it's far better to take along your own favorite brew before going.

A tip: Before you go, bone up on current affairs and popular music and books. One of the resorts—a more successful one in the East—took a poll and found that their female guests were especially hot on "In" things. "If you can talk about Viet Nam, the Negro problem, folk-rock and Dylan Thomas," the resort's social director pointed out, "and sound even the slightest bit knowledgeable, they flock around you like doves. They like to air their current-philosophies. They study for two weeks before they come, and they feel they've been cheated if they don't get to gab about what they know." It would save time, and help on your opening gambit, if you could come on strong with something current—not that you're going to particularly need to save time.

The last, and most important thing: Where and when to go? Don't worry. "Singles" stocked resorts, like telephone booths, are everywhere. Look in the classified section of your local newspapers. The best bet, however, is to select one of the larger resorts reached by chartered bus. These seem to be the most favored by the "hunters." Also, the resorts offering the most variety in feminine fare are the ones nearest the large cities—say, within two-hundred miles of New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, etc. The bigger the city, and the nearer to the resort, the better the selection.

And finally, when to go—it quite literally doesn't make any difference. Again quoting the article in the *Post*: "Love in the Catskills knows no season. Shortline buses transport their wistful cargo to the mountains 12 months a year." This holds true to any other area as well. The time is of your own choosing. In fact, everything is up to your choice in these new Action-Places. All you need to dig it is you ... and avoid getting a ring in your nose.

JAN DAVIS

Sometimes, and oftentimes a guy just wants to growl, howl, set up a roar in appreciation of the very best, the fullest display of perfection. So growl, roar, and brother you're looking at the fullest display of perfection. Is there a doubter among you?









Poets have suggested, and wisely, that the best of all is natural, not synthetic. And our Jan is living, vital proof of what the poets have written about. There is a fulsomeness, natural or *au naturelle*, that gives the lie to artifice and illusion. For after Jan, all else is hope, not reality.











If you still doubt the verities, look hard and long, if not longingly. If you doubt the future, look well. For Jan is truth, man, and the truth is, there is no better than . . .





ONE FOR MY BABY

BY WALTER BRASIL

What's good for the goose should be good for the gander—unless it's your goose that's being cooked.

HOW about a drink, Herbie? You aren't closed, are you? Christ, I was afraid I'd be too late. Alone? Good.

No scotch, just beer.

No, things aren't so good with me, Herbie. It's a long story. You know how it is with broads, especially jealous wives. They don't trust you, and they never forget or forgive. . .

Yeah, that's right. And this two-year hitch overseas I just did doesn't help. This beer's cold. Give me another. Nice place you got here. Alice and me always liked it. See you haven't changed it none. Real convenient too, just around the corner.

Thanks, Herbie.

Yeah, I give up scotch. Just tonight, in fact. You got a minute while you check the register? Good.

Special train all the way from Norfolk brought a bunch of us guys in. Met Alice at the station about five-thirty.

She's some babe, you know. I always could pick them. Well, I haven't seen her in two years, and we didn't get along too good before I left, not after she caught me with the redhead. Sometimes she didn't write too often either, except she started writing like hell the last two months.

Anyway, when I get off the train, she's there waiting for me, a real blonde, you know, blonde right to the roots with a shape that won't quit. She's all over me with hugs and kisses, and I laugh and think maybe if I'm lucky I'll get seduced at the station.

I'm thinking, "Eddie boy, she's got some new spark." And I can't wait till I get her home. I think she's learned to appreciate me while I've been gone. Absence makes the heart grow fonder and all that.

But she wants to see the town. We haven't seen Frisco together at night in two years, and she's dressed for some night life. Man, she's got on sequins that fit her like a glove, like they're tailor-made Navy style. The outfit fits so tight to her thighs I wonder how she can move. I wonder if it's sprayed on. It's low in back and plenty low in front. I didn't ask her where she got the money.

We go to this fancy place by the ocean. I'd never been there before, but she seems to know all about it. We sit on the terrace so we can see the reefs and hear the sea crashing against them and sometimes even feel a light spray from the ocean. I got a feeling Alice is not my wife at all but some sexy high-classed society broad I'm playing around with, and she's nuts about me, all over me.

We have a couple of martinis, charcoal broiled steaks, a bottle of wine with the chow, and a couple of drinks after.

I don't know where Alice got her taste for rare steaks, but I forget it and think, "Eddie boy, Navy hash was never like this."

All the time Alice's a couple of drinks ahead of me. Her eyes are lit up, and she's gay and happy. Then she drinks another drink, and she asks me this stupid question about did I know any babes in Morocco—that's where I was overseas. Pulled most of my liberty in Port Lyautey.

I don't know what to make of it. That's a hell of a question. I think she's tight and just joking, and so I play her silly game.

I ask her what does she mean did I know any babes in Morocco.

She says she means did I go to bed with any.

"Christ," I tell her, "hell no," remembering the readhead. "But plenty of guys did."

And then she wants to know what those French, Jew and Arab broads over there are like. I don't know what put her on this kick, but she won't get off. She's tight and I'm high, and I figure there's no harm, and so I tell her about a guy I know who played around.

Goddam, what a mistake! I told her about this French babe and a captain she was messing around with. She was what you'd call an exotic dancer in a spot called the Crescent Moon, and her name was Simone.

You can't believe it. She'd wiggle out between the tables to a little bare patch on the dance floor and strip while the band played "St. Louis Woman." Then in front of a spotlight with everything else dark and just a drum throbbing wild, she'd twist and shake and squirm and shriek and quiver like a savage gone mad until she fell to the floor exhausted, naked. Christ, can you imagine that?

Well, eventually the captain gave her up after he kept catching her with two or three other guys. Anyway, I tell Alice the captain's story and we have a hell of a laugh over it and a couple of more drinks. And then I think, "Eddie boy, you can't wait much longer to get your baby home."

Home in the apartment she's in the bathroom taking a shower while I unpack some of my things.

I yell at her where can I put this souvenir pistol I got and the shells. She can't hear, so she swings open the bathroom door wide, and from the bedroom I can see her image reflected in the full-length mirror hanging from the back of the door.

Christ, Herbie, I almost forgot that figure! She's drying herself with a towel and says I can put the gun and shells anywhere. Her breasts bounce and collide while she rubs the towel back and forth across the back of her shoulders. I get the feeling I want to bury my

face between them. Her body'd knock your eyes out, smooth and firm. I can't wait till my finger tips run across it.

I need another drink, Herb. How about yourself? Good. See you're still drinking that off-beat rum. I never liked it.

Hmmm, good cold beer.

Well, I let Alice climb into the sack first. I shower and by the time I crawl in next to her I'm in a sweat. I lean over and kiss her, but I hit an iceberg. And when I run my hand down her belly, expecting her to clutch at me, she lays there cold as steel, like a frozen bulkhead in the North Atlantic. I mean, I'm ready to go, but she's ice, and I get irritated right away.

I ask her, "What the hell's going on?"

She wants to know was that story I told her about the captain really about the captain.

I see right off what's buggin' her and I tell her, "I swear to God it was the captain, not me, baby."

But then she asks if I'm asking her to believe that everyone else played around but I didn't.

I say, "Hell no, lots of guys didn't."

But she doesn't believe it. I lied to her once before.

Christ, I could've belted her. I'm in a sweat, hot to go, and she has to pull this. I'm breathing so hard my tongue must be hanging out six fathoms.

I lose my head. I burn up. "All right," I yell at her. "I played around, but it was nothing steady, not like the captain."

I try to reason with her. I tell her it's a man's nature, just like a ship belongs at sea. He's got to have some once in a while. He can't go two goddam years. You know how it is, Herbie. It doesn't mean I don't love my wife, does it? Hell, no. I try to laugh now, hoping she's convinced, pat her on the rump and ask her if she knows the bit about practice makes perfect.

But she leaps out of bed and wraps herself in a new shorty negligee that you can see through, that leaves her legs bare. I'd never seen it before.

She marches into the living room. I follow in my robe, and she pours herself a drink from a decanter marked "Hers." I see a second one marked "His." It's a matched set. I'd never seen it before, either.

She gulps a hell of a drink and then wants to know if it isn't the same with broads. Can you imagine, Herbie? She wants to know if broads don't feel the same way.

She says they enjoy playing around, too, and how can a guy expect a babe to go two years without any when a guy can't. I feel trapped. And she smiles and asks, "Doesn't practice makes perfect work both ways, Eddie baby?"

I feel funny inside, Herbie, like I'm falling apart, and I need a drink. I pour myself a stiff one from the decanter marked "His" and make a face. I expect her to have scotch in it because that's what I like.

I start to say, "Alice, what—"

But she wants to know don't I agree with her about babes. A hundred pictures jump through my head. I'm dizzy like a fighter grabbing for the ropes. I feel the floor heave, like the deck of a ship in rolling seas. I tell her, "Yes! Yes! But what the hell's going on?"

She throws her blonde head back and laughs and her breasts make red points in the front of her negligee.

"I'm pregnant!" she tells me. "Two months pregnant!"

Christ, I want to die.

And then she tells me she had a million laughs with some guy and wants to have his kid. She tells me this whole evening was a plan to get even with me because of the readhead and some others I didn't think she knew about.

She said this guy told her about them and said I'd been having a good time overseas, why shouldn't she.

That's right, Herbie, it was all a plan to get even—her dressing sexy that way, her loving me up, her letting me see her in the mirror, then cutting me off when I climbed into the sack hot to go, making me admit things about Morocco. Even that joint we had steaks at was the same place her and that fink went to all the time. It was all a plan to get even and to explain how she got pregnant. If I could enjoy myself, why couldn't she?

And then she tells me if I don't like it get the hell out, and I'll never find out who the guy is.

Christ, I'm raving mad. I'm out of my mind. Like a piece of anchor chain, my hand whips out and rakes her face. I feel her mouth go soft under my knuckles. She drops to be floor and blood comes out of the inside of her mouth. Her lips turn blue and start to swell. I want to kick her sides in, but I don't.

I feel like I'm being washed overboard in a hurricane, like I'm going over the side but I can't grab anything. I think, "Why does this have to happen to me?" I have to sit down. I think, "A lot of guys play around. Some never get caught. Why me? Why do I have to have a scheming bitch of a wife like this?"

I can hardly breathe. I can hardly stand, but I get up and with spastic fingers pour myself another drink from the decanter marked "His."

I make a face.

And then it dawns on me, Herbie. It tastes like that off-beat rum. Then all the pieces fall in place.

Easy, Herbie. The pistol's loaded. ●

An Unhurried Look At Seduction

[continued from page 14]

for her if she would give him another kiss.

This time Nicholas decided to continue Alison's joke.

And out the window he put his naked buttocks.

This time Absolon was ready. He whacked Nicholas' bottom with the red hot iron. Nicholas went screaming with pain, yelling, "Water, water. Help!"

This cry woke the carpenter up. He heard the yell for water and thought that now the flood was going to begin. He chopped his way out of the vat, and unexpectedly fell out of the window.

The carpenter, expecting the deluge any moment, started running through the town. The people laughed at his tale of the flood.

Thus slept with was the carpenter's wife for all his protection and his jealousy, and Absolon had kissed Alison on the wrong end; and in the end, Nicholas is scalded; this tale is ended...

But when it comes to finding a reason for getting a girl to succumb, none can surpass the poise and charm of early 17th century poet, preacher and sermoneer John Donne. In his short piece *The Flea* he writes of the small insect which had bitten him and sucked his

blood, then bit the young lady he was with. He wrote:

"Thou know'st that this cannot be said

A sin, or shame, or loss of maidenhead . . .

and he goes on to tell her she shouldn't kill the insect because there's something of each one of them in the small flea. In fact the flea had already made each a part of the other so what excuse could she possibly have.

"Tis true, then learn how false fear be;

Just so much honor, when thou yield'st to me

Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee."

or—what are you saving it for?

About two thousand years ago the Latin poet Ovid had some words of advice for the poor Roman suitor. He said, "Since I am poor and am not able to pay my mistresses with presents, I pay them with poetry." He went on to give some advice which can stand up today. "The poor man must be discreet in his affairs. He will have to put up with much that a rich man wouldn't take. Once I messed up my lover's hair. I had also torn her dress. It not only messed up the evening but I had to buy her a new dress.

"Be sure and hold her umbrella, clear a path for her in a crowd, and lace or unlace her shoes. And no matter how cold you might be you may be called upon to warm your girl friend's hands on your bosom (or vice versa).

"It should never be forgotten that older women have experience on their side. It is this experience that makes them more perfect. They can make themselves beautiful with makeup, but more importantly they know the various ways of love. With an older woman, pleasure comes more naturally and with very little urging. . . . You should always speed on together towards the promised land. The heights of ecstasy are reached when unable to hold back, lover and mistress are overcome at the same time. However if you find there is going to be more time needed, try driving your spur into her side. (That should slow matters down.)"

About six hundred years ago, the Italian Giovanni Boccaccio took the advice of the earlier Latins, eliminated some of the directness and uncomplicated language to tell his stories about seduction in more or less parlor terms. While the Latin classicists used a language better left out of family magazines Giovanni B., who may well have been the John O'Hara of his time, started a whole new trend.

He told, for instance, of the noble lady who was married to an equally noble husband. However, as it sadly happens, her husband could not satisfy her and she took to sneaking out with the virile but less noble Leonetto. Isabella's roaming became known to a certain Lambertuccio who wanted a piece of the action. But she would have none of him.

It happened one day that Isabella's husband was out of town, so she sent for Leonetto. Lambertuccio also found out that the old man was away on business and decided to make a play for Isabella. He went to see her—unaware that Leonetto was in bed with the object of his desire. Lambertuccio was pretty damn angry and shouted threats to the effect that he would blow the whistle on her carrying on with Leonetto. Isabella asked Leonetto to hide himself in the bedroom while she'd try to cool off Lambertuccio.

She met him on the stairs. But before she could get a word out of her mouth the old buck swung his arms around her, catching breast with hand and mouth with mouth, swore undying love, carried her upstairs and, while Leonetto was sweating and hiding, laid out the young bride on the bed, removed what little of her clothes she had on (she was never so foolish as to make life difficult for any suitor) and proceeded to fondle, pet and pluck at the woefully willing wife.



"Look Sid, now I'm a tsetse fly!"



"Don't forget Prescott, this is a cooperative apartment house."

It wasn't long before the only sounds that could be heard were the hesitating pants of Lambertuccio and the hastening sighs of the bride.

And as fate would have it, her husband decided to return at that very time, probably to get an address book he had left behind. The maid ran upstairs and interrupted the lovmakers with the warning of the unexpected arrival. Isabella, knowing she had already hidden one lover, decided to brazen it out with the second. So she told him to go, naked, holding himself as if he were angry or ready or both, to tell her husband that he was taking "it" elsewhere and to say nothing else.

This Lambertuccio did, walking by the astonished husband, naked and proud, mounted his horse, saying only, "I shall find him again someplace else." And rode off into the night as any 14th century lone ranger would.

Needless to say the husband was a bit curious as to why Lambertuccio should be in the house, not only naked but angry. To say he was curious was an understatement. He started to question his wife, but she led him into the bedroom before she answered. It was only when she was sure that the hidden Leonetto could hear what she told her husband that she spoke:

"I've had some fright and I'm so glad you're back. First, a young man came running in whom I had never seen before and right after him came

Lambertuccio, just as you saw him, naked and ready. The young man came upstairs, looking for a place in which to hide. He ran right into this room, asking me to save him from being killed. I didn't have a chance to question him before Lambertuccio came in shouting that he was looking for the traitor. But I stood up to him and said he couldn't have the young man. Lambertuccio tried, but I wouldn't let him past. And that was when you saw him running down the stairs."

Her husband nodded and complimented his wife on keeping her wits about her. Then he realized he didn't see the young man and asked where he was. Isabella guessed that he had hid because he was so frightened.

Leonetto was pretty shaken up, but knew he had to show himself, so, shaking, he came out from behind the curtain.

The husband wanted to know what he had done to make Lambertuccio so angry. Leonetto said he had never seen him before and figured Lambertuccio to be off his rocker. He started to make up a story how just a short while before he had seen Lambertuccio for the first time, and he had done the 14th century equivalent of unzipping himself and calling Leonetto a traitor. Leonetto said he was so frightened he ran into

this house, and that's how he came to be in the bedroom.

The husband told the young man not to worry, that he would see him safely home. Which he did.

The sequel is that Leonetto later went to look for Lambertuccio and it is rumored that he persuaded the other man not to let a good thing go to waste.

Jokes about the marriage bed and seduction in particular have been popular since man first was able to communicate to woman.

This was told about five hundred years ago. There was the husband who was just married, asking his wife, "Dear, shall we do what we should first or shall we eat dinner?" And his wife answered, "Why dear, just as you desire, then we will eat."

Not exactly a wild joke. But nevertheless not as black as the humor about the very jealous husband who was never sure that his wife was faithful to him. So he did what he considered the obvious thing. He castrated himself. And then he knew if she ever became pregnant, he could positively accuse her of adultery.

But one thing you can be sure, for every seemingly clever scheme you use or line you fling, there was an old Roman or Greek who had tried it out before. And if you ever wonder why both the Greek and Roman empires fell, it just could be—no, it's not possible! •

or Christopher Robin. Lenny knew he could not deny his right! To do so would be basest calumny! Grudgingly, fearfully, he followed his mentor and mistress, afraid to deny, to turn back. And so he was launched and his dock-side compatriots waved him as those in history had waved "Bye-bye and don't forget to write" to the Lusitania, the Titanic, the Hesperus!

On the darkling stairs, Lenny followed Barney and the whore.

"Madeline'll do great things, pally, if she ain't hopped-up! Right, Laura?" muttered Barney in the half-tones of a heavy man climbing stairs under the disadvantage of being actively in heat. "She's a great old wench!"

A great wench and a great human being. Step up, Lenny; easy on the tread: a footfall to Valhalla! If your English teacher could see you now! Marching against yourself, up, up, up, to the summit of desire! Like Prospero, like Don Juan, like Cary Grant at the pass before Sam Jaffe can sound the bugle!

Walk, pace, step up, up, after this—a man! After this, a giant! A king! An emperor! A VD statistic! He could have gone someplace, that boy, had he not been a slave of the flesh! Unregenerated degenerated genius, collapsed like a punctured lung under the needle-point of lust! He could hear Miss Englund, the English-teaching Englund, addressing his grieving, black-shawled mother in sepulchral tones, "That boy, that lad, he could have gone on to heights of achievement. He might have been another Nick Kenny. But, paresis, Mrs. Fairman, softening of the brain. That endeth the dream of glory. 'The boy is dead.'"

"He lives, but he is dead."

"Here we are buddy! Hey, Madeline, I got a pal for you to take care off!"

And as Lenny watched Madeline rise naked from an army cot and stroll to her doorway, he felt the gravitational field of the earth deny him its full potency.

"I bet he's with her right now!" laughed Barry, flushed and perspiring as he dragged insanely on a half-lit cigarette, aglow with anticipation of his succession to Lenny's good fortune. He and Nozzy and Moose were disencumbered of callow youth which, with school-day deportment and long scrubbings with Ivory Soap, had evaporated in steamy proximity to the bubbling kettle of life, love and sex!

The front door banged open and a spare, grizzled Negro walked into the parlor, an air of unimpeachable authority about him, his tattered black suit somehow resplendent in its tight sheen. Before the boys could shrivel their bravado to accommodate this august presence, he spoke to them, sonorously and with a winking overtone which could only be described as paternal.

"Gennumen, I's Mr. Washington, your friend. I runs this heah place. How do you do?" Immediately at ease and eager to ingratiate, the young men tripped over their mouths to exchange pleasantries. But Mr. Washington could waste no time.

"Gennumen, we's had lots of good customers, like yoweselves, gettin' rolled roun' heah of late, an' I for one, do not allow that kin' of jazz should happen to mah friends. An' you is mah friends! So, gennumen, le's play safe; you give me yowah wallets an' cash, get yoweselves some funnin' with my gals, then I'll return yowah propiety as you is leavin'. That way, nobody goin' rob you whist you pleasurin' yoweselves at my 'stablishment.' And he held out one bony hand and smiled.

"I . . . I guess this is all right, isn't it, Moose?" asked Barry as he reluctantly handed over his valuables to the august Negro.

"Sure, if Mr. Washington says so," said Moose flippantly. He'd already made his deposit with his friend. "After all, we don't want to louse up the fun by getting rolled." And as Mr. Washington nodded agreement, Nozzy forfeited his belongings blithely.

"Well now, gennumen, you have yoweself a real fine time, an' when yo's finished, jes' tell the gal to give you a receipt an' I'll fix it so's you can get on home or go for another one! Now, excuse me, if you please, I got to ten' to my other 'stablishments.'" And so saying, Mr. Washington walked to the sofa, plumped up one of the pillows, stepped back a few paces with a critical glance at his handiwork, then veered to the front wall of the parlor, winked at the boys, threw open a window, and exited under the sash!

"Hey," yelled Moose, "why'd he go out the window? There's something wrong!"

Upstairs, Lenny was alone on a millimicron with a warm-blooded female animal of his species for a perfectly fundamental purpose. He fought his desire to ask her something about her background and wavered—uncertain, wanting, fearing. Then, in a flash of inspiration, he became Cary Grant.

"Honey, honey, honey. You'll catch cold like that!" he said. And he believed himself. Almost. "You are very, very beautiful! Beautiful!"

"You're cute," said Madeline as she sat back on the bed and slowly uncrossed her legs. "You sound like Cary Grant when you talk like that!" That did it! A rush of blood gushed to Lenny's eardrums deafeningly. She had heard! She had felt! She had seen him as he would be, wast! He threw himself at her to kiss her ardently but, in his emotional excess, missed the bed entirely and saved himself the embarrassment of a broken jaw only by grasping the bedspread. Madeline giggled hoarsely. "Don't be nervous, honey. I told you I like you." Lenny gasped as he raised himself so that his chin was level with the cot, then panted as he drew upright on vibrating legs.

"You want to go for three or five bucks? Maybe more for all night? Come on and tell me, Honey, I got to collect before we do anything. It's house rules."

Dreadfully, Lenny reached into his pocket and withdrew his entire bankroll of five dollars. Madeline took it from his nerveless fingers, stuffed it under her pillowcase and rolled onto her back, still giggling.

"Oh boy, you want the works, don't you?"

But Lenny didn't know what the works were or if they worked at all or where they worked when they were working. He stood there for 2000 years; then, feeling ridiculous just standing, he started toward her, slowly.

"Ain't you even going to take off your pants, for Christake?"

Moose's loud alarms about the departure of Mr. Washington gave way to shrill panic as he told the story to the Negro woman in the yellow bathing suit who had ambled into the parlor to see what he was hollering about.

"But, he said it was to keep us from getting rolled!" Moose yowled.

"What's the hell's going on here, Gloria?" bellowed a gigantic Nordic-type entering from the far side of the foyer. "These punks making trouble?"

Nozzy cringed from the towering, baleful monster at his side.

"These heah guys jes' hangin' aroun' makin' trouble, Sweetpea," she said grimly. "They givin' me some bullcrap 'bout gettin' rolled or somethin'!"

"Oh, is that so?" quoth Sweetpea placing an enormous, hairy hand on Barry's slender shoulder. "Well, I think they're just lookin' for free samples!"

"N . . . N . . . No, sir," stammered Barry, "We're . . . waiting to . . . to get . . ."

"We gave our dough to Mr. Washington!" screeched Moose.

"Then," said Gloria haughtily, "you done already been . . ."

"But, Mr. Washington . . ." Nozzy began but was too slow so Moose chimed in rapidly, "He said we'd get a receipt from the whore! He said we'd get a receipt and give it to him and he'd give us back our money and stuff!"

This was too much for Sweetpea who promptly released Barry and turned on Moose.

"A receipt my ass! What the hell you think this is, a supermarket?"

Moose backed into the sofa.

"I'll give you a receipt, you pimple-faced nit-picker! Hey, Dimmie! Dimmie! Get down here!"

"But . . . But, mister . . ." quailed Nozzy plaintively.

The boys blanched as Dimmie, the Greek steelworker who had marshalled the parade of mummies, charged into the parlor, a length of pipe clutched in his fist.

"Dimmie! These punks is causing trouble. What are we going to do with them?"

Dimmie knew what to do. It was visible in every wrinkle of his sadist's smile as he moved toward the ashen-faced boys standing near the sofa.

"I feex ass for bunks like thees, you betcha. I break faces! I crack heads, harms, legs, rips, everyting to pieces."

"I don't want no blood in my place. You take them outside, you heah?" said Gloria as she backed from the room.

Barry couldn't endure it. He screamed. Loud.

"Help! Lenny! Lenny, run for your life!"

"Come on, honey, take off them pants so's I can help you out!"

Lenny's fingers moved woodenly as he tried to unzip his fly. He was unable to take his eyes off the nymph, Madeline; they clung to her contour, her scent, with a fevered will of their own. And the zipper would not budge in its stubborn attempt to protect his virtue.

"Let me do it, honey." And she rolled to the edge of the bed and firmly brushed aside Lenny's fluttering hands. Suddenly, his eyes were freed and upward they shot, across the cracked ceiling, their wild flight finally halted by a decal of a swimming duck near the moulding at the intersection of wall and ceiling. A duckie! A goddamn swimming duckie!—ignorant of the drama being played out below.

"What are you doing?"

"A fiver is a fiver, Honey," said Madeline the nymph. A fiver! Like the postcards! Lenny, the emperor! I'll lead them into the swamp, Major, your daughter will be safe with me. Forward to victory! I have never feared death! Only Julius Caesar understood me! I am master of all! On the water I'll walk . . . Then, from somewhere . . .

"Run for your life! Lenny! Run . . . for . . . life!" Ridiculous! Run! For my life! It's Barry! He wouldn't run, couldn't run, had to, couldn't, must, wouldn't. He didn't dare run! He bolted from Madeline's submission-hold. She was agnostic.

"Honey!"

"A squash I'll never be!" said Lenny as he tugged up his pants, laughing unbelievably, stumbling down the corridor in a frenzy of blind uncertainty, laughing, cackling, chortling, wheezing.

In the buff, Barney ran from his cubicle. "What . . . ? It's Armageddon! Swim for the ceiling!" laughed the fleeing Lenny as he banged Barney against the wall in his flight and hurtled down the stairs in a spurt—walls, floors, treads screaming past in a blurred kaleidoscope of



"Remember me Harry? I'm the guy who introduced you to your wife."



light and shadow—laughing, laughing, running into the parlor where he heedlessly crashed into the pipe-clenching Dimmie, caromed off him into Sweetpea, who stepped back in wonderment at the wild dervish that had suddenly materialized.

Gloria screeched, "I tol' you not in heah!" and Dimmie, half-recovering, hurled his pipe without aim and sent it crashing through a window while Barry, shrieking like a woman in labor, raised an end-table to his chest like a shield. Nozzy was gliding toward the foyer as a man in a dream wades through library paste while Moose, jumping up and down in one spot yelled "Run, Run, Run!" The others seemed transfixed as Lenny, still spiralling like a mad gyroscope, inexplicably goosed the shouting Gloria and in a renewed burst of laughter, continued his corkscrew course into the foyer and through the front door, followed instantly by Nozzy who was nearest to his path. Dimmie, cursing loudly in Greek, raced for Moose who just beat him through the open front door.

"Stop them crudst!" howled Sweetpea, and plummeting

in a flying tackle after the retreating Moose, crashed into Billie who had just been entering when the Lenny-tornado had brushed her aside. Now, before Sweetpea could right himself, Gloria ran up onto his back and yelped, "Get outta the way, stupid! Hey! Hey!" She didn't hold that pose for long because Barry, realizing he was the last of his party, bashed her behind with the end-table-shield, muttered "Excuse me" to the bewilderment of the collected hookers, pimps and customers who had appeared from every door in the place and marched across Sweetpea's shoulder blades, through the slack-jawed, gasping Billie and out the door after his cronies. Then Miss Princess' bellow rose up like an angry geyser: "Clobber them, you bums! My mother give me that table!" And Sweetpea, Dimmie and one of the twin Middle-Europeans, now shirtless, raced through the door and after the four trouble-makers.

In the lead, Lenny had stopped laughing and was now running, followed closely by Nozzy, Moose and Barry, who still carried the end-table. The alley ended in a three-way intersection, each branch dark and foreboding, and here Lenny paused to hitch up his pants and choose direction, hopefully, the right one.

"Which way's the car?" shrieked Moose.

"This way!" said Barry breathlessly and made for the darkest of the alternate passages. His end-table collided with the narrow walls of that avenue, and momentarily, all further progress was blocked by that grisly piece of furniture.

"For Chrissake," screamed Nozzy, "I can see them back there!"

Moose rode over Nozzy's words and ripped the table free, tossing it back over his shoulder into Lenny's face. As the others ran through the unplugged gap, Lenny wiped the blood from his mouth, unaware that the table had hurt, then soared after them as Dimmie hove into view about twenty feet behind him.

"Hey! Get to cut head-off from end there, Sweetpea!" Dimmie yelled as Sweetpea and the twin thundered up, both panting.

"You big creep, why the hell don't you learn to talk English? What the hell did he say, Mike?" asked Sweetpea of the panting twin.

"He mean, we cut them off at the cross-street over to end of alley!" And he zoomed in that direction, Sweetpea quickly following his lead with Dimmie just behind them.

Unaware of their impending ambush, the four boys raced toward the safety of the Packard.

"They'll kill us! They'll kill us!" panted Barry, his mouth streaming saliva.

"Keep running!" Moose said, "Don't stop for nothing! Stop!" Moose froze in his lead position, the others tumbling against him like tenpins.

"They're at the end of the alley! I saw that big guy poke his face out!" he whispered in a shrill vibrato. "What are we going to do? Let's turn back!" And Barry bolted two steps backwards.

"No!" Lenny squealed, "The others are back that way!"

"We're dead! They'll kill us!" sobbed Nozzy as he began to run tears.

"The windows! They're bullet-proof!" snapped Barry in a sudden flash of inspiration.

"To hell with your windows!" said Moose. "They're going to come for us any minute! Oooh, I gotta go to the john!"

"We're getting murdered and he's got to go!" snapped Barry. "Shut up and use a garbage can!"

"My mother will kill me," wailed Moose. Oooh, I gotta go. I gotta go!"

At that very moment, as it sometimes does in the lives of men, genius was kindled by necessity. His amorous encounter, the woman's acknowledgment of his approximation

to Cary Grant, the heady aroma of possible death or disfigurement, the cataclysmic escape and the flood of adrenalin released under the stress of uncontrollable laughter and spiralling flight suddenly blended into a shimmering jewel of tactical brilliance in the tradition of Von Clausewitz during the Hollywood campaign.

"We'll batter our way out with garbage cans! Every man grab a can and follow me," said Lenny. Stunned silence.

"Come on, we can do it! We clobber past them and head for the car! Come on!" And hefting a rusty can, over-stuffed with reeking refuse, Lenny took a deep, sickening breath and raced for the exit whooping like a Comanche. Dimmie had time to say, "What the hell . . ." when Lenny blossomed from the exit, a fountain of garbage exploding from his can, followed by the can itself which caught the startled Sweetpea just below the knees. Sweetpea made a grab for Lenny's belt but his grasp was aborted by the sudden arrival of Nozzy, Moose and Barry who spewed garbage and cans like confetti onto the waiting, stultified assassins. Somehow, Nozzy's can shot off a retaining wall, did a complete turn in the air and landed on the small Middle-European twin, falling comfortably over his frame and coming to rest on top of his head, only his shoes showing from beneath the rim, while Sweetpea and Dimmie stood bruised and gasping, shouting obscenities and covered with refuse.

Moose was first to the car and waited furiously for Barry to catch up and open the locked doors. Without pause, the car was in motion, only then its passengers remembering to close and lock the doors. And they sped down the narrow street at a tortuous twenty-six miles per hour.

"Faster! Faster!" screamed Barry, unaware that he was driving.

"They're right ahead of us, for Chrissake!" bellowed Moose as the Packard lumbered to the figures of Sweetpea and Dimmie who were caught in the flickering headlights as they tried to remove the twin from the garbage can prison.

"They'll stick out a foot and trip this heap!" howled Lenny as he shielded his face with his forearm.

The men jumped back from the ominous juggernaut, pulling the canned Middle-European after them. Through the sealed windows—the escapees heard Dimmie cursing faintly as they drew close, Sweetpea hurled something large at the windshield. It was a garbage can! The windshield rejected it without a tinkle and the can ricocheted off and onto the street with a resounding crash audible even through bullet-proof glass. And then, the main street and the first street-light.

A mile later, Barry broke the silence.

"I told you they were bullet-proof," he said.

"Fantastic," said Moose, "fantastic! Lenny, sweetheart, I hope your face cut don't hurt too bad because we love you. You saved our goddamn lives! He not only gets it, he saves all of us! Lenny, you're a great man!" Then Nozzy and Barry joined with Moose in choruses of praise to their saviour.

But Lenny made no reply. Though the others were bound by the reek and heat of that sealed, speeding chamber, Lenny was on a mountain top, somewhere near some wild frontier, naked to the waist, a buxom Chinese concubine on his lap, Madeline at his feet, lovely and nude. Only perhaps it was Lana Turner; the light was bad because of the bombardment. And he knew that he must ask his men to storm the Japanese-held village to free his true love, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. He would smile and say softly, "All right, chappies! We won't all be coming back!" And he knew they would go willingly. Every last one!

one of the bullfighters got down on his knees in front of the bumper. He rested his elbow on the headlight and performed the *adorno* known as *el telefono*. The rest of the gang thought this was very funny. I pretended to laugh to show them I thought it was funny, too. What the hell can you do?

About a block after I had bulldozed my way past the hurdy-gurdy, I saw Tani. Her dress was torn, one shoe was off and she was slugging it out with two hundred and fifty pounds of lard.

He caught her again and shook her until her head snapped and her long, black hair whipped as violently as a mop from a second story window. The left sleeve and top half of her dress had been ripped loose.

Her flesh was the color of young ochre. Her rib cage was lean and shiny; her breast, although pale, jutted forth beautifully unashamed, even somewhat arrogantly. I suppose that was the moment when I could no longer, with complete honesty, describe myself as a totally disinterested spectator.

She countered his attack with a fast set of teeth to his wrist and a hard toe to his shin. He squealed and let go. She swiveled free and tried to break through the circle of bums that were watching the fracas. Honest pedestrians waited until he chased her to the opposite curb and hurried across the temporary clearing to go about their business.

In the poorer parts of Spain somebody big is always beating hell out of somebody small. It is an accepted fact of life. The national reaction is a shrug: "What in the name of Our Blessed Lady do you expect, señor? That the little hombre should beat up the big one?" As far as a fight between a man and a woman—who knows, it could be love?

So I shrugged like a native and blew my horn, hoping to drive past. This, however, was a tactical error. All the tramps that had been watching the fight turned to look at the car. On the Andalusian Peninsula an automobile is a sure sign of wealth. The American plates spell *sucker* anywhere on the Continent.

As they clustered around me, the car automatically became ringside. She darted for the opening and nearly ran into the duckbilled hood. She stopped and pawed the air wildly to keep from falling. Her mouth was wide open, her fine lips flattened against her teeth, her skin sucked tight against her high cheekbones. The expression in her eyes was terrifying. Deep, brown and soft, they had the wide, uncomprehending stare of a running deer that doesn't yet realize it's been shot.

He caught a handful of her hair and swung her back. She hopped on her bare foot, tucked her other leg up and, dancing to keep her balance, reached

down and snatched off the shoe. Using the heel, she hammered at his face.

He pucker and pulled his head down into a protective roll of fat. Closing his eyes, he swung a roundhouse punch that caught her under the ear. It must have hurt, but I don't think it was enough to knock her out. Still, the dive she took was very impressive.

Ever since the divorce, I've felt that anything a woman got, she had coming. Any one of them, all of them. But there was something about his punch that irritated me. It was a typical puff-ball swing—wide, sloppy and with the thumb tucked inside the fingers.

I climbed out of the car, locked the door behind me and pushed my way through the palmers into the arena. She was curled on the cobblestones, her arms wrapped protectively around her head. Her skirt was stretched tight across her firm, heart-shaped flanks.

I hurried across to him, poked his shoulder and told him to knock it off.

Without using his neck, he twisted his head around to look at me. Then he shoved out his jowls, wiped his nose with the back of his wrist and swallowed some spit. Finally, with great precision and care, he told me what had been printed on the walls of all his favorite joints.

I'm no fighter, but I've spent enough time in Hollywood to have earned my share of massages, medicine ball workouts and instructive rounds with a really good golf pro. The temptation to sink my semi-educated fist into that tent of liverwurst was so ripe I almost gagged on it. However, it is brutally unhealthy to fight with a local bully when he is surrounded by a gang of cohorts. The sporting attitude there is a shrug: "What does the señor expect? That one hombre should beat up the whole crowd?"

So I touched him again in a friendlier way and switched to the international password. I drew out a roll of bills.

Twenty dollars, more or less, isn't big money in any language, but when you change it into pesetas of small denominations, it makes an impressive wad. The sight of it brought a lump to his throat and tears to his eyes. He sucked his lips, broke out in a sweat and began coughing.

"Señor, this piece is putting me in the poorhouse. I give her an advance. Before she has worked one night, I give her money. Eat, I told her. Buy a meal. So she eats, and then she turns down my best customer."

"But, why?"

He whinnied, "Because he is a little plump. She calls him fat. To his very face, she says he's too fat. What kind of business is it when a wealthy patron is turned away by a girl simply because he is not Clark Gable?"

That one threw me. I shrugged, "Who knows?"

"It is my own fault. My heart is too big for me; it makes me sick to my stomach." His lower lip began to flutter

with self-pity. "I treat all my girls too well. I treat them like ladies, señor—like virgins."

"God will reward you," I said, for lack of a better cliché.

"But they will drive me to Him bankrupt!" he cried. The injustice of it knifed him again and he twisted, took a tango sidestep and booted her in the ribs with renewed anger.

The sniffing, scratching, flea-scarred spectators who'd been soaking up every word began muttering. They were all on his side, bemoaning the fact that nobody could find dependable help.

I straightened the roll of money, tapped the edge flat against the palm of my hand and cut the stack as though it were a pack of playing cards. Pedestrians who hadn't slowed to watch the fight, stopped in their tracks to get a look at the rare sight of cash in Triana.

Holding half the money above his head, I said, "This is for you—"

"Gracias, señor." He beamed and raised his hand, "Muchas gracias—"

"On a condition!" I jerked the money higher.

I let him look at the money for a minute. He licked his lips nervously and blinked. "Tell me, what is it—exactly—that the señor wishes?"

Actually, that was a very tough question. I wasn't sure anymore myself. I'd only wanted to keep the gal from being roughed up too badly, but obviously the problem was complicated. I had to remove the cause of the beating.

"This money—" I said, "—will excuse the girl from her ah, duties, with the plump patron."

His eyes narrowed and seemed to slide farther back into his head. Then he smiled broadly, "But of course! The señor wishes to have the girl himself."

So I realized that if I were going to help her at all, I'd have to make a deal that was immoral and indecent enough to be comprehensible to his warped little mind. It was difficult to think of one on the spur of the moment. Unconsciously, I withdrew the hand that held the money.

He cried, "Señor, do not misunderstand me! You can take the girl; keep her anything. She is worthless to me. I am but delighted to get her off my hands. If the señor will only repay my investment—"

I shoved the bills at him again. "The señor," I said, meaning me, "wishes that the girl should not be bruised. I don't like bruises. She shall not be kicked or struck again. Promise me that, and the money is yours."

He grabbed the cash as though it were a flying moth. Then he simpered with relief, "But naturally, señor, naturally."

Suddenly, one of the ragged delinquents scurried to the girl. He turned, smiled at me to make sure I was watching, and punted the girl in the side.

The rest of the bunch got the idea immediately. Here was a new and better

way of earning from loco *turistas*. It was also easier than begging.

There was a barmyard scramble as the bigger tramps wrestled the smaller fry aside for a chance at a really good kick. "Halt! Quit! Stop!"

They turned and looked at me bright-eyed and expectantly as they awaited their reward. Obviously, she would have been much better off if I'd driven on and minded my own business in the first place. Now, if I left her there, they'd wear themselves out kicking her to pieces simply because they hadn't gotten paid not to. And I didn't have enough money to stop them.

I barged forward, slammed the *futbol* team aside and picked her up. She was a light little thing, and she snuggled against me like a tired kitten. There was nothing personal in it; I was softer than the cobblestones. And, even if she had faked her fall, she'd taken an honest beating on the ground. Her dark eyes had a misty, dazed look.

Holding her with one arm about her back and the other under her knees, I started for the car. The moment they saw I was trying to get her away, the crowd closed in front of me.

Without raising their hands, they blocked my way. They stared at me coldly, sullenly; then, with their arms still at their sides—they began closing in.

I clamped my teeth, flung her across my shoulder like a hundred pound sack, and charged into them. I slipped, lurched, caught my balance and twisted forward until I got to the car.

Then I remembered that the door was locked. Locking it had been a fool trick in the first place. The enamel and painting equipment I'd wanted to protect had evaporated up through the open sunroof.

With a heave, I got her over the top of the car and eased her down through the roof. Then I faced the crowd again. Mentally, every one of them was computing the hock-value of my clothing, my shoes, my watch, even my car.

From the back of the mob, the fat pimp screamed, "Aiy—aiyel!"

That broke the spell. Some of them muttered and looked around at him.

"Robber," he screamed, "Arabi! Where do you think you're taking the girl? For such a small deposit, you expect the whole woman?"

I shoved my hand to the bottom of my tight pocket, shouting, "How much? How much for the girl *en total*?"

He shut up and thought about it. The crowd was disorganized. He'd taken the play from them; now they waited uncertainly to see where the wind would blow next.

I hooked the car keys between my index and middle fingers and began to work them out of the pocket.

The thing that kept him quiet wasn't the moral aspect of the transaction—he'd probably sold his sister for less than I'd already given him—it was the fact that

he didn't know how much money I had.

He smiled cunningly. "It is a delicate question, señor—"

"I understand." I palmed the keys.

"I loved that girl like a sister—"

"Naturally." I worked them around behind me and into the door lock.

"Like a daughter."

I pulled the money from my right pocket and waved it at him to distract attention while I twisted the key.

"Here!" I tossed the roll of loose bills across the heads of the crowd toward him. It unbrellaed out and fluttered down like confetti.

There was a moment of stunned silence, then a snarl as every hand flew up and the mob turned into a snarling mass of writhing, clawing hands.

Jerking the door open, I doubled in behind the wheel, started the car and blasted my way up the street. I kept my hand on the horn, but their eyes were pinned to the elusive bills and nobody bothered to watch me go.

As I turned the first corner, I snapped a look back. They were still one huge, scrambling mound of human jackals. Then I noticed the girl. There was something prim and haughty about the arch of her slender back as she stuck out her tongue and thumbed her ears at the crowd battling in the street.

I don't live in the best part of Sevilla, but compared to the sections she was accustomed to, my walkup must have looked like the Palace at Versailles. After I parked, I opened the door and started to help her out. But she would have none of it; she was going to move under her own steam, in her own way.

She'd succeeded in getting the torn dress rearranged and her arm back into the sleeve. Holding the material together at her waist, she sauntered across the sidewalk like a barefooted Du Barry. She carried her head high, glancing regally from side to side to make certain that no one missed the fact that she had, indeed, ridden in the automobile and was now on her way into this elegant residence.

It wasn't until we got up to the door of my flat that it occurred to me that I didn't know what the blazes I was going to do with her. Okay, okay, I know this could be used in a burlesque blackout skit as a definition of a complete jerk, but the situation's a little more complicated in real life than in dreams.

So I had problems. I'd bought her and brought her home, now what? She wasn't a puppy or a kitten that I could put in a box under the stove and simply make sure that she was well fed, warm and walked at regular intervals. She was a human being, and female, and as such she could make my life damned complicated, something I'd already learned the hard way—from Barbara.

At that moment we were standing in my little foyer. I was looking at her, thinking. She was looking at me, waiting.

It was my move, all right.

So I shouted for Maria. Every maid I've had in Spain has been named Maria, and they've all been short and fat, like a collection of balloons tied together.

Her cheap, coarse wig was askew as she came running from the back of the apartment, bouncing and bubbling along. "Si, Don Harry, si."

"Take this," I said, "and wash it."

"Si, Don Harry."

The girl turned and stamped her bare foot on the carpet. "I am not *this*! I am Tani Flores from Ronda."

She turned and walked across the room toward Maria. Her gait was a thing of beauty. She had the rich, loose-hipped, straight-backed glide of the Andalusian dancing girl.

Ten seconds after she'd left the room, my ears were still humming as musically as a well-stroked tuning fork. I rumbled happily toward the Scotch bottle to pour myself a short anticipatory nip. The glass was halfway to my lips when it finally occurred to me that, from an objective point of view, I was acting like a complete idiot. If I'd rescued the girl only in order to bring her to my apartment and use her body the way it so obviously had been designed to be used, I was no better than the bums in the Triana. Only richer.

On the other hand, if I merely saw to it that she was bathed, fed and turned loose with a couple of pesetas in her pocket, I knew it wouldn't take long before she sank back into the gutter.

Then I realized that if I was really sincere about giving the poor kid a decent break I'd somehow have to find a way to keep her in my apartment while I kept me out of her bed.

I began to wonder if I couldn't use her as a model. I've never been much on painting the human figure from life; I've concentrated on landscapes which, in a roundabout way, started me designing movie sets. But since I'd given that up to go legit, there was no reason why I shouldn't try a series of nudes.

Several small ideas began to nibble at the soft underside of my brain. I sank down into the chair covered with a hide from a bull killed in the ring by Matador Domingo Ortega himself and let those thoughts have themselves a banquet.

First, I envisioned briefly the kind of a life she had led. Still young, she had been taught in the crudest possible school. She must have learned to expect that the best of men were little different from the worst of rapists. And now that she was mine by right of conquest and by right of purchase there was no question about what she expected from me. I'd seen it in her eyes.

But it wasn't going to be like that. I tilted back and stared up at the twelve-foot ceiling and thought about how it was going to be.

I wouldn't even talk about sex with her—perhaps not for months. That wasn't
(continued on page 67)











TAMI LOUISE

Indoors or outdoors there's a stalking feeling in Tami's eyes, in her mouth, in the lithe-like movements of her body. For Tami is that one woman who looks as if she's about to get just what she wants. There's no doubt as to her intentions. And there is no doubt as to the final outcome. For Tami is as much at home reclining in the living room, listening to hot or cool music as she is reclining in the grass, listening to the wind whistle. Carefully she poises, as if ready to strike. And once she gets ready, there is little that any mole prey can do to avoid her — nor, in truth, does he want to.













There's nothing subtle about Tami. None of this weak, mamby-pamby stuff about her. She is every inch the direct, I-know-what-I-want-woman. And it's a pleasure to be with her. For like it or not, no one has any doubt as to how he stands with Tami.





"The producer hopes I'll take the audience's mind off the play."

a bad thought, either. After the divorce, I'd started chasing everything in skirts. But the moment I romanced any woman to the point of acquiescence, I'd turn into such a sarcastically cynical bastard that I always managed to get myself kicked out before our negotiations got much beyond the talking stage. I don't know what the hell I was trying to prove. Maybe I was trying to get back at Barbara; maybe I was trying to find some female that would restore my faith in the fickle sex. That was a laugh.

So I've learned my lesson. Since sex, no matter how appealing in the abstract, would only louse things up one way or the other, I'd make this the cleanest, purest, noblest man-woman relationship since George knifed the dragon. I'd show her only the better side of life in general and men in particular. I'd teach her about clothes, food, wine; I'd introduce her to good art, music and literature. I'd go the Pygmalion route the whole way and never once lay a finger on her.

Then, eventually, if out of propinquity and gratitude she grew to love her benefactor from afar—hell, there'd be nothing wrong with that. But still I'd have been gentle with her; gentler and more understanding than any man she'd ever known.

It wasn't an unpleasant thought, and I was still working on it when the door opened and she walked across the room.

Maria must have run across to her daughter's and borrowed the white blouse, skirt and pair of sandals. In that costume, Tani Flores de Ronda could have passed as a campus beauty queen at any American college, except that the blouse was silk and so sheer that it was succulently obvious that she got her uplift without aid of bra or corset.

Her skin was the shade of soft, hand-rubbed ivory; her curly dark hair drifted about her head like down from a black swan. Her eyes were rich and deep with speculation; her lips were twisted upward in a tight little smile—but warm. The only visible signs of her recent beating were a pink flush across her left cheek and a pale violet shadow at the base of her neck.

Pushing myself up out of the deep chair, I rose to welcome her in my most courtly fashion.

She shrugged and sat down. Then she said, "I'm ready."

Her voice was absolutely flat; there was no lilt to it whatsoever. It was so dry that it was almost dusty and it gave her words a feeling of hopeless finality. I wondered if, after she had lived for a time in these happier surroundings and learned to trust me, her voice would regain a natural buoyancy. I found the thought very exciting. The idea of reviving joy and hope in this beautiful creature after her emotions had been battered unconscious was actually much

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"I'll take one of these. I hear there's an epidemic of Spanish fly going around."

more exciting than the fundamentally loutish idea of mere physical sex.

Suddenly I realized she was watching me. I cleared my throat and carried my glass to the sideboard I used as a bar. I said, "Perhaps you'd like a drink?"

"Makes no difference." Same flat voice.

I poured her a small Domecq sherry and brought it to her. Then I raised my glass, smiled at her and prepared to make a small toast. But she'd emptied her glass before I'd opened my mouth.

"You ready now?" she asked.

"I thought we'd talk a little."

She shrugged and did some more window shopping, appraising my room.

I made several false starts; she sat and waited. The more I tried, the more difficult it seemed. As with the fat pimp, our worlds were so separate that it was almost impossible to find any common ground from which I could broach the subject in a way she'd understand. After I'd emptied my glass, I fixed us each another drink.

She said, "You live here alone with that woman?"

"Yes."

"She's your mother, no." It was a negative statement.

"No, she just works for me."

She sighed and shrugged. The implication was clear: I had rotten taste in women.

"She's my maid," I insisted. "She cleans and washes and cooks and—"

Tani shrugged again. "You ready?"

"Look Tani, I want to talk to you."

"What's the matter? Don't you like me?" She stood up, pressed her hands in against her waist to squeeze it tight and turned slowly in front of me.

"I like you very much, Tani."

"I have no sickness."

"You—look like a very healthy young woman."

"I don't lie," she snapped. "I was to the doctor this morning. I can show you the card."

"I believe you, Tani."

"Then what's the matter?" She was beginning to raise her voice and now it had a sandy quality. "Have I no appeal?"

You are a big man. You have much power, but I'm enough woman for you."

I thought I had long since outgrown the juvenile need to prove my manhood, but I had one hell of a time ignoring that challenge. I think it is to my credit that, after a long, slow count, I came up smelling like a Boy Scout. I lighted another cigarette and explained to her as simply and clearly as possible that I had not bought her simply to transfer her from one bed to another.

She listened to me impassively. Then she said flatly, "The señor means he has lost his manhood. Now that it is all in his head, he no longer needs a woman?"

It took about ten seconds for the fuse to hit the powder keg. I don't remember my exact words, but the gist of it was that she was nothing but a stupid bitch.

Then, for the first time, she really smiled. "And the señor is so intelligent that he buys a girl from a house in the Triana for her—brains?"

Her dark eyes softened until they took on a smoky kind of sensuality. She drawled, "You are still a man, señor. Tani is a woman. In life, what is finer than that?" Gliding forward, she rested the palms of her hands on my chest. The hands slid upward, her fingers slipped along my neck and touched my ears.

She purred, "Do not be afraid, señor. It is still there. Tani can hear it in the anger of your voice. Tani will find it." She slid her hands down again and touched my biceps. Her voice dropped to a feline growl, "Very much strength—much man."

Before I could argue, she covered my lips with her fingers. Briefly, I struggled to remember all the wonderful plans I'd had for her, but there was such a sweet young perfume on her finger tips. An instinctive kind of curiosity caused me to kiss the soft flesh of the fingers where they touched my lips. It was an almost unconscious gesture. The perfume became stronger and sweeter and finer.

Then, for the first time, I began to understand life as the Spaniards see it. I folded my arms around her and drew her to me.

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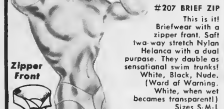
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The Perfectionist

[continued from page 28]

the possibility that someday, in the luxury of the apartment he provided for her, she, in her supreme stupidity, might entertain another man—a man as innately stupid and sensual as herself. Her animal body might demand the satisfaction of its senses, and she had no mind with which she might control her appetites. Yes! He had thought ahead to this eventuality.

He had reconstructed the scene in his mind for his own diversion. He had lived it many times. Everything would be casual and serene. One evening he would go to the apartment door unannounced, put the key into the lock, turn it, and enter. Leisurely, as always, he would remove his hat and place it with his stick on the foyer table. His gloves beside it, now. Now remove his coat. Enter the drawing room.

There on the couch, perhaps, they would be locked in each other's arms. Or they might stand before the huge whiteness of the elaborate fireplace, Daphne's lush body moulding itself against the tall blankness of an immense male (who, as yet, had no face—for he failed utterly to reconstruct the type of man with whom Daphne might welcome such a rendezvous).

He would bow low, murmur, "A thousand pardons wrong apartment."

He approached the apartment door as he had done so many times before, slid the key into the latch, turned it, and entered the foyer. He removed his hat, laid his stick and gloves beside it on the foyer table. Carefully he removed his overcoat. He went into the drawing room.

So exactly as he had imagined it that for a moment he was not sure that it was not still imagination, on



the couch lay Daphne, wrapped in the close embrace of a stranger (who still was faceless, for his head was buried, face down, in the curve of Daphne's soft throat. And her sleek black hair rippled over his cheek as an ebony velvet wave).

"A thousand pardons," he murmured. "The wrong apartment." He turned and went back to the foyer. He replaced his overcoat. Now his hat, adjusting it with careful leisure before the mirror. Now his stick. He removed the key from his pocket and left it on the foyer table. Drawing his gloves on his hands, he went out, down in the lift, out into the early dusk.

Closing the door of the apartment had been closing a door on their interlude. There was no more of Daphne. It was as if she never had existed. He walked along, not slowly, not rapidly. A man with average pleasantries on his mind. No particular place to go. No problem to stir his imagination. Content in the contemplation of the world around him, or perhaps of the world within him.

At the corner he stopped a moment to reach into his pocket for a cigarette. His hand brushed the small package. Suddenly, he turned around and retraced his steps ever more swiftly. He turned once more into the apartment house. Up in the lift. To the familiar door. He rang the bell.

A startled sensual Daphne with the taste of passion still on her moist lips, opened the door. Inclining his head slightly in thanks, he entered. He removed his coat. Put his hat and gloves on the table. His stick he took with him into the drawing room.

Methodically and leisurely, but completely, for he was a perfectionist — he began to smash every piece of furniture.



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MAID TO ORDER

[continued from page 71]

This Stretch could dump champagne into that long built of hers like nobody I had ever seen. But that was AOK with me. She would not be the first long-legged bit to get wobbly enough on champagne, to be ready for a little lay-me-down in old Frank Squibb's big bed.

What I had not figured was that she would be ready half-way through the second evening.

I had suggested we leave the Embers to the mink set and take in the Peppermint Lounge for a few laughs. "I've been to the Peppermint," Stretch said, "but I've never been to your lounge." She emphasized the *your* very wickedly.

"My lounge?" I said innocently, remembering that it was a wreck from a week-long siesta a little number I call Hotcha had just taken there. "How about *your* lounge?" I suggested quickly and just as wickedly.

She giggled (or hiccuped—I wasn't sure because of all the champagne). "My roommate sleeps with me."

So let's make it a threesome, I was thinking, when Stretch snuggled up close and squeezed my arm. "And I don't want to share you with anybody, Squibb. I want you all for me."

I was too busy trying to think how I was going to keep her out of my devastated apartment to remark on the patent selfishness of her attitude. I said desperately, "How about some weird jazz? There's a very rubbery combo at the Vanguard."

"What I need is a very rubbery pad," she said, squeezing my arm again. She had a grip like Rocky Marciano.

"Look," I said, "I'd love to have you, but—"

"Good," she murmured. I felt her fingers begin to tighten on my arm again.

"Okay, okay," I said, wincing. "We'll go to my lounge."

What the hell, I thought, she seemed ready enough. She probably would not even notice a few pieces of leftover lingerie, lipstick on the pillow or any other part of the general havoc that always followed a visit from

[continued on page 72]

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MAID TO ORDER

[continued from page 70]

Hotcha. And the bet still looked like
an easy plum to pick—even at the
risk of a switch in tactics.

What I had not allowed for,
however, was an orderly mind in a
champagne-disheveled frame. Besides
which, Hotcha had left the apartment
in even more of a shambles than I
had remembered. But that is not sur-
prising. After a week of Hotcha, a
guy's memory gets very fuzzy.

When I opened the door and flick-
ed on the light all I could do was
close my eyes and pretend that the
black bra was not draped over the
lamp and the sheets were not all over
the floor and the towels—

"My god!" Stretch said. "My god,
what a pippen! You expect me to
sleep in a mangy dump like this? Lookit, lookit," she said, fingering the
bedclothes, her voice all turned up
with disgust. "There's lipstick all over
the damned pillow."

She drew back with a shudder. "I'm
very disappointed in you, Squibb. I
thought you were genteel."

Yeah, no bull, that's what she said
—genteel.

"Oh, I—uh—loaned the key to a
couple of friends this morning," I
said lamely. "I guess they got the
place a little messed up."

"A little messed up?" she echoed.
"A little messed up, Squibb? This
place looks like a warehouse the
morning after the Seventh Fleet has
put in. And the Fifth and Sixth Fleets,
too!"

"Heh-heh," I said. "I'll have it
straightened up in no time."

"No time is when I'll be back,
Squibb," she said, plowing toward
the door.

I loved Hotcha dearly, but at that
moment I would gladly have busted
both her darling big hips. I could see
the two bills I had bet on making it
with this Stretch babe wallowing
through the muck and mire to free-
dom. Plus expenses.

"Just be patient, Stretch," I plead-
ed. "All I need is a couple of min-
utes."

She had her hand on the door. "All
you need is a couple of maids." She

[continued on page 74]

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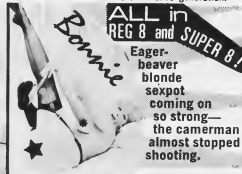
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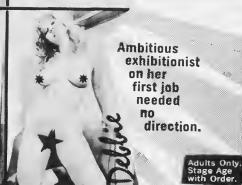
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MAID TO ORDER

[continued from page 72]

opened the door. I looked at her long,
slim legs and saw my two bills. "A
whole army of maids—that's what you
need, Squibb. And I'm not one of
them!"

The door slammed. My two bills
clattered down the stairs. Plus ex-
penses.

It was fortunate, I reflected, not
without some irony, that the Bull-
throwers paid so handsomely for the
orderly way I carried out a campaign.

After I had exhausted my vocabu-
lary of four-letter words on Hotcha,
Stretch and a bathtub full of dirty
dishes, I blew the dust off my copy
of the Yellow Pages and opened it
to "Maid Service." If the number of
agencies listed was any criterion,
there seemed to be a great demand
for cleanliness in the borough of Old
Manhattan.

I ran my finger down the column.
One name arrested me. Neat 'N Clean
Maid Service. Somehow it appealed
to my adman's concept of detergency.
As I sank into dreamland, I envision-
ed a whole battalion of uniformed,
red-faced, cheery old beldames at-
tacking my quarters with bucket and
mop, with duster and broom, with
waxer and wiper until the apartment
was as fresh and cool and clean as a
menthol cigarette ad.

First thing in the morning I called
Neat 'N Clean. Yes, a starved voice
informed me, Neat 'N Clean would
be happy to furnish me with maid
service. Light housekeeping or heavy
cleaning?

"Oh, heavy cleaning," I said, sur-
veying the wreckage.

"How many days a week?" the voice
asked with the efficiency of someone
who was accustomed to keeping all
of New York City up to its ears in
soap and water.

"Every day," I said without hesi-
tation. I would never be caught with
my sheets down again, I thought. As
an afterthought, I asked, "What is
your fee?"

"Eighty-four-fifty a week," the voice
said cheerfully.

I made a mental note to hit the
Bullthrowers for a raise. After all,
such an orderly mind as mine should
be rewarded.

[continued on page 76]

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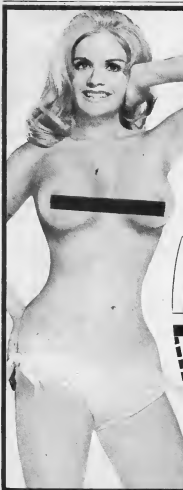
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(continued from page 74)

"We have an excellent maid named Matilda available immediately," the crisp voice said. "I'll send her over this morning. Will there be someone there to admit her?"

"Matilda?" I said. It was almost too much. She would be lean and angular, a real hatchet-face—and a demon for work. "Matilda—great," I murmured. "I'll leave word with the super to let her in."

That night I hurried home from the agency with an air of happy anticipation. I was not disappointed. Matilda, bless her charwoman's immaculate heart, had transformed the pigpen into as snug and tidy a haven as any bachelor could ask.

The bed was freshly made; new-laundered towels were arranged with precision in the bathroom; gleaming pots and pans hung in the kitchenette. And more. My pipes, cleaned, were arranged in their rack for the first time in years; mood records were stacked, ready to go, in the hi-fi; and on the sideboard the gin and vermouth were set out along with martini pitcher, ice bucket and two glasses. I could not have arranged it neater myself.

Matilda, I decided, knew what kind of a cat I was and not only did not disapprove but even seemed anxious to cooperate in my designs upon the female population of New York. Matilda, I thought, was an old girl who had enjoyed life in her day and was not against the younger generation getting its kicks. In short, she was a damned jewel.

To celebrate, I called Hotcha and told her to come over for a quickie. When she walked in, she took one look and headed for the door. "I'm in the wrong damned apartment," she muttered.

"No," I said. "It's for real, Hotcha."

"What happened?" she said, eyeing me suspiciously. "You get a wife or something?"

"No, no, better than that," I said. "I hired a maid."

"Squibb, you should have thought of that years ago." She looked around with an evil glint in her eye, then kicked off her genuine leather, hand-

(continued on page 78)

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CAN I
BE YOUR
PLAY
MATE?

MAID TO ORDER

(continued from page 76)

crafted sandals. "Let's mess it up," she said.

"Yeah," I said somewhere deep in my throat. Hotcha had that effect. She was a good straightforward girl who liked the preliminaries *after* the main event.

Unbuttoning her blouse, she came toward me. I made a grab for her and a lamp went over. I let it go. Once you are in the clutch with Hotcha it is too late for picking up the pieces.

We tumbled into a chair, and I heard a couple of springs let go. From the chair we slid onto a footstool, and from the footstool we writhed onto the floor. It felt like I was rolling around on broken crockery. I was. So was Hotcha—and it had a hell of an effect.

By the time Hotcha and I were too exhausted for anything but sleep, the apartment was demolished again. But I couldn't have cared less. In fact, I enjoyed the devastation. Matilda, I reminded myself happily, would set it all to rights the next day. I'd hired her for heavy cleaning, and by god she was going to do heavy cleaning.

In the morning I booted Hotcha out early, and leaving the scene of the orgy with a smug conscience, I went off to the agency.

My confidence was not misplaced. When I returned that evening, the apartment was as Neat 'N Clean as it had been the previous night. "Matilda," I said aloud, "you are an angel with brooms for wings."

I made a tour of inspection like a captain on a white-glove job. There was only one indication of anything out of order. A corner of paper towel was sticking out from under the gin bottle. I lifted the gin bottle and picked up the paper. I was about to crumple it up and toss it in the wastebasket when my eye caught something written on it in pencil. I looked closer. There was a single word printed in block letters:

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followed, Matilda never failed me. No matter how disordered the party of the night before, I knew I could bring any chick up to the apartment the following evening with complete equanimity. The gin and vermouth would be out, the bed made, the mood music set to go and the lights on low. It made one hell of an impression.

Then it happened.

I was lying in bed one Monday morning nursing a martini-mangled head. I had called the Bullthrowers and told them I probably wouldn't be in for a week. I figured that when Matilda showed up I'd have her make me a couple of stand-by ice packs and then give her the day off—with pay. Man, you know I was clobbered! Besides, even the thought of anybody blowing dust around the apartment was enough to crack my cranium.

That was how it was when I heard a key clank in the lock. It took about a minute for the sound to ricochet around inside my skull. By the time I ungritted my teeth and got one eye uncocked — painfully — Matilda was standing in the bedroom doorway surveying the twisted wreckage.

I took one glimmer at her and clamped the eye shut again. I tried to think above the roar of the red neon lights flashing behind my eyeballs.

Matilda was not what I had expected. I had gotten to feel that she was—well, sort of *motherly*. But if this pair of boomers that was framed in my doorway was somebody's mother, he was one lucky baby.

"Are you Mr. Squibb?" a soft voice asked doubtfully.

I knew it was a soft voice even though it clattered around my temples like somebody pitching horseshoes at an iron stake. I knew it was a soft voice, because the squint I had gotten at Matilda had told me that everything about this hunk of female flesh was soft. Soft and warm and full. I figured her age at a round twenty-five.

I ran my big woolly tongue over my scaly lips. "Urrh," I said in reply to her question. My voice sounded

[continued on page 80]

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[continued from page 79]

like I had a larynx full of soggy sponges.

"You been in a bad accident?" Matilda asked solicitously.

"I ran head-on into a couple of dozen martinis," I gritted.

"I knew you'd crack up sooner or later," Matilda said cheerfully. "You got too many loose screws."

I opened my eyes. "Just what do you mean by that?"

She shrugged, and her huge round breasts bulged against the grey uniform she was wearing. She crossed to the bed and laid a cool hand on my brow. "Oh my," she said, "your head is going like a couple of bongo drums."

Her hand felt very sympathetic.

"Are you really Matilda?" I murmured.

"In the flesh," she said.

"And very agreeable flesh it is," I managed to gurgle. "Somehow you're not exactly the Matilda I had pictured. I mean I thought you were—heh-heh—an old hag."

She smiled. "You're not exactly what I had imagined, either, Mr. Squibb."

"Call me Frank," I said, trying to bring off a boyish grin. "And keep your hand on my fevered brow."

She sat on the edge of the bed. "I thought you'd be sort of—well, like Errol Flynn," she said dreamily. "I mean you lead one hell of a love life, Mr. Squibb."

"Frank," I breathed.

"Frank," she said.

"You thought I'd be a handsome, debonaire, rakish devil. Is that it?"

"Yes," she said, an edge of disappointment in her voice.

I sank back against the pillow.

"Good lovers," I declared solemnly, "are seldom handsome, debonaire and rakish. Good lovers are guys who have had to overcome the handicap of a face like mine. Good lovers have got it made by working at it."

I was so busy working at it at that moment that I even forgot my split head.

Matilda edged her marvelous hips

[continued on page 82]

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(continued from page 80)

closer to me on the bed. The grey skirt pulled up over her knee. It was a beautiful knee. "Just what is it, Frank, that you've got?" she asked softly.

Busted skull or no busted skull, I could not ignore an invitation like that—especially not when it came from such a hunk of woman.

I rolled over against her. My head rested on her shoulder, and my lips touched her throat. I ran a hand caressingly over her hip. "Appreciation," I murmured in her ear. "I appreciate all the glory of woman."

I felt her breathing quicken. "Do you think you could appreciate me, Frank?" she asked tentatively. "The way you do all those other girls?"

"More," I whispered. "Because you are more woman than five of them put together."

I felt her relax against me, and I drew her down across the bed. My fingers were already working at the buttons of her uniform. I kissed her throat, her eyelids, her warm, parted lips. She bit my tongue. I tore back her unbuttoned uniform, and then we were locked together on the bed.

For the rest of the day and most of the night we engaged in mutual appreciation—in all ways and in all degrees of passion. She had plenty to put in to it, and all she had seemed to love being appreciated.

"Squibb," she murmured sleepily the next morning after I had gathered her warmth and softness against me for a lovers' salute to the new day. "Squibb, ever since I started coming here to clean up your orgies, I have dreamed of finding out what you had that makes the girls go the way they do for you."

I smiled. "Did you find out what it is?"

"Uh-uh. But I don't care. It has had me, Squibb." She stretched delightedly. "I am comfortably collapsed. My nerve ends are like jelly."

"Warm jelly," I said, snuggling her.

She snuggled back, and we had it again.

And again and again. It lasted for

a week. We thought of nothing but love-making, sleeping and—occasionally—eating. It was the purest.

But by the following Monday debris was heaped all over the apartment. The refrigerator was empty, pots and pans were piled in the sink, and the bathtub was full of dishes. Bedclothes were rumpled and scattered. Good, black, gritty, Manhattan dust was half an inch thick on everything except us. Even at Hotcha's worst, she had never accomplished such total devastation.

I dragged myself off to the agency, though, with the comfortable knowledge that I would return to a scene of tranquil order.

That evening I walked merrily into the apartment and stumbled over the same footstool I had stumbled over on my way out. My dismayed eyes saw the same chaos they had seen in the morning. I threaded my way to the bedroom door. There was Matilda—flat in the sack, the same wrinkles in the sheets.

"Hi, Squibb honey," she greeted me. "Come to bed."

"What the hell is this?" I asked with a certain archness. "I thought you'd have the place all retted up or whatever it is you do. You know—brooms, mops and all that stuff? What do you think I'm paying you for?"

"Don't be mad, Squibb," she said sweetly. "It's all your fault. You collapsed me."

"Well, uncollapse," I said grimly. "And get this place livable again. It's a damned pigpen."

"Uh-huh," she murmured. "Give me a kiss first."

Now I'm not a guy that can resist a bundle of warm female lying in bed asking for a kiss. I leaned over her. The next thing I knew we were tumbling again.

It was an hour or so before my orderly mind got back into focus.

"Look, Matilda," I said firmly, "what are we going to do about cleaning up this apartment?"

"I guess there's only one thing for it, Squibb," she said.

"What is that?" I asked.

She snuggled down against him. guess you'll have to hire a maid.

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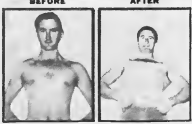
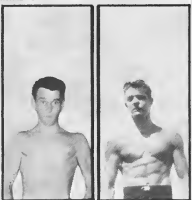
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